

The Musical World.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY), December 12th. The Programme will include: Overture, "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 9, in C (Schubert); Persian Songs (Rubinstein); Rhapsodie for orchestra, "Abends" (Raff); Overture, "Rienzi" (Wagner). Vocalists—Mdmé Lemmens-Sherrington and Mdmé Patey. Conductor—Mr MANN. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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Principal—Sir STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on TUESDAY Morning, the 15th instant, commencing at Two o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

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By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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The very Last Concert to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms.

In consequence of the Sale of these Premises, Mr ROBERT COCKS has, in the kindest manner (on this particular and interesting occasion), placed these time-honoured Rooms at the disposal of the Royal Academy of Music. The Committee of Management, therefore, beg to announce a FULL ORCHESTRAL and CHORAL CONCERT, to take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on SATURDAY Evening, December 19th, 1874, commencing at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Reserved tickets, Half-a-Guinea; unreserved, Three Shillings; to be obtained at the Rooms; at the Royal Academy of Music; and at all the principal Musicellers.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.
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WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship for Vocalists, called the WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP (in memory of the Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be contended for annually in December.

It is open for public competition to Female Candidates between the ages of 18 and 24 years, and is not confined to Pupils of the Academy.

The amount of the Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

The Examination will take place in the Academy on MONDAY, the 21st instant, at Ten o'clock.

The Certificate of Birth must be forwarded previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the Scholarship.

No applications can be received after December the 19th.

POTTER EXHIBITION.

The Examination for the POTTER EXHIBITION for Female Students of the Royal Academy of Music of two or more years' standing will take place on MONDAY, the 21st instant, at Twelve o'clock.

Royal Academy of Music,
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By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—The THIRD TRIAL will take place SATURDAY Evening, December 12th, at 9, CONDUIT STREET, to commence at Eight o'clock. New compositions by the following writers: H. C. Baumbister, H. Baumer, Eaton Fanning, C. Gardner, O. Prescott, Lea Summers, E. H. Thorne, and R. O'Leary-Vinning.—ARTHUR O'LEARY, Hon. Sec., 84, New Bond Street.

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MONDAY, 14TH—WELSH FESTIVAL CONCERT. Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle Johanna Levier, and Madame Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Whitney. Solo Cornet—Mr Levy. Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Part Song Choir. Conductors—Mr RANDEGGER and Mr BARNEY.

TUESDAY, 15TH—ENGLISH NIGHT. Selection from the *Bohemian Girl*. Mdmé Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr Sims Reeves. Conductor—Mr BARNEY.

WEDNESDAY, 16TH—CLASSICAL NIGHT. Beethoven's Choral Symphony, No. 9. Madame Otto-Alvalleben, Miss Dones; Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr Whitney. Conductor—Mr BARNEY.

THURSDAY, 17TH—"MESSIAH." Madame Campobello-Sinico, Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Whitney. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Organist—Dr Stainer. Conductor—Mr BARNEY.

FRIDAY, 18TH—WAGNER NIGHT. Conductor—Mr E. DANNEBERGER.

SATURDAY, 19TH—POPULAR NIGHT. Mr Sims Reeves.
Amphitheatre, 5s.; arena, 4s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; 5,000 Admissions at One Shilling. Return Tickets from any Station on the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways are now issued, including admission to the hall, 1s.; or to the balcony, 2s. 6d.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW will give a PIANOFORTE

RECITAL, in ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, December 23rd, to commence at Three o'clock precisely, when he will be assisted by M. Sainou (violin) and M. Lasserre (violinello). Vocalist—Miss Julia Wigan. Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets are now ready, and can be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 54, New Bond Street; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 45, Chancery Lane; George Dolby, 62, New Bond Street; Austin, St James's Hall; and Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

TO AMATEUR CHORAL SOCIETIES.—JOHN OLD'S

Dramatic Chorus, "THE BATTLE." Piano and Vocal Score, post free, 3s stamps. Parts for Full Orchestra and separate Vocal Parts, at usual prices, on application to the Composer, Devonshire House, Reading. This effective Chorus has never been performed without receiving an enthusiastic encore, in several instances being re-demanded twice.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will Return from her Tour in

Scotland and Ireland, December 21st. All letters to be addressed to her new residence, Lee-place, Lewisham, S.E.

SIGNOR AGNESI will be at liberty to accept ENGAGE-

MENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., after the 20th of December. Address, Signor AGNESI, 56, Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR EDWARD LLOYD begs to announce that his Agree-

ment with Mr George Dolby will expire on 26th December next. All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., after that date, must be addressed, EDWARD LLOYD, Claremont Lodge, Effra Road, Brixton, S.W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT, Pianist (of the Promenade

Concerts, Royal Italian Opera House), can now accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Communications may be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, at her new residence, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

REMOVAL.

MADAME LOUISE LIEBHART begs to announce that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Lessons, &c., may be addressed to her residence, 19, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

ITALIAN POETRY.

SIGNOR G. ZAFFIRA, the Translator into Italian of

numerous Operas, and Poet to the Italian Operas of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, begs to inform Professors of Music, Amateurs, &c., that he is prepared to write or arrange Italian Poetry to every variety of composition. Address, care of the Publishers of the *Musical World*, 244, Regent Street, London.

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need apply who have not a good connection and considerable experience. Liberal remuneration to a really competent man. Apply, by letter, to W. N., care of DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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Medical Press and Circular. Showing the Right and Wrong Action of Voice in Speech and Song. By CHARLES LUNN. Price One Shilling. BAILLIÈRE, TINDALL, & Cox, King William Street, Strand; and all Booksellers.

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ON EDITING.

By G. A. MACFARREN.*

(Concluded from page 800.)

Our third order of editorship assumes the right and presumes the capability to add to the works of great musicians in order to fit them for present use. In letters the same was done by John Dryden, by Nahum Tate, and by David Garrick, with regard to the plays of Shakespeare, and a pretty business they made of their changements. Mankind has come to the convictions that the *Tempest* is best without having a youth that has never seen a maiden; that *King Lear* is not improved by the omission of the Fool or by the love of Edgar and Cordelia; and that *Romeo and Juliet* is good enough without the waking of the heroine before the lover's death and a maudlin, dawdling, sentimental piece of whining in consequence between the two. Would that a like conviction with regard to music might break upon us! The manes of an artist who wrote a tragedy of four hours long, or an Oratorio of five—such as *Hamlet* or *Belshazzar*—could scarcely, with justice, rise from his repose to complain of the inevitable curtailment of his work; for now it is impossible, if ever an audience could endure it, to attend to a performance of such great extent. To shorten, where this is unavoidable, is one thing; to colour, to decorate, to misrepresent, or even to dress (when the applied costume is out of the fashion of the age to which the work belongs) is entirely another. Perhaps one of the greatest evils that have ever been done in music is the re-instrumentation by Mozart of Handel's *Messiah*; and the evil lies in the fact that the score is written with such consummate artistry as to rival the beauty of the original matter, that it is hence inseparable (save in those pieces in which, from the first, Mozart's editions have been unused), from Handel's groundwork in public performances. Because of its infinite merit, Mozart's orchestration is now indispensable; and, because of its indispen-sability, any one now regards it as a precedent, and takes licence from its example to invest other works of Handel with "additional accompaniments." Unhappily, or happily, as the case may be, everybody who paints Handel with the vivid colours of the modern orchestra is not Mozart. If he were, and were always at his best, then should we become strangers to the effects intended by the mighty one of Halle, the stern grandeur and the special sweetness of the Saxon giant would have no existence, and the delicious haze of sunset glories that hangs as a kind of veil between the ancient style of music and the modern would hide from view the most salient features of the master's individuality. I plead guilty to this act of treason against the musician's memory in my own poor strivings, which would not be extenuated by a recital of the circumstances that induced me to the act; I but acknowledge that I live in a glass-house, and the stones I may throw will shatter as much my own panes as they may strike against the crystals of others. Now the case of Handel differs from that of every later musician, and, to a great extent, from that of some composers of his own period, in that the unwritten organ part formed a prominent and important feature in the performances over which he himself presided; and that the absence of this designedly conspicuous feature causes a vast blank, which imperatively needs to be filled. It was this imperative need which caused Mozart to write his wind instruments and occasionally to add to the stringed parts of Handel, for the performance of the *Messiah* in Vienna, in a hall that had no organ. He must be a man with the genius of Mozart or of Handel himself, or else with the belief that he had it, who would now-a-days dare to improvise an organ part to any work by Handel, that should aim at the contrapuntal character and the general fulness of interest of what Handel is recorded to have played; but a thing may be accomplished in the stillness of contemplation which is impossible in the heat of excitement, and, thus one—who could by no means extemporise it—might write, in a fortunate humour, such an organ part as even Handel might not have rejected. This would not be to modernise a work written in the spirit of another age, but to fill up the gap occasioned by the author's incomplete mode of writing. So deemed Mendelssohn—more wisely than when he recast *Acis and Galatea*—when after-

wards he wrote his truly Handelian organ part for *Israel in Egypt*. It is seemingly inconsistent, on the other hand, to fill up the incompleteness of Handel with instrumental effects such as he never could have conceived, even though it be done after the example of Mozart's *Messiah*. Let us pass on, however, to a master who lived two generations after the grand old Colossus became silent, after the modern had been introduced into music by the magical touch of Mozart, and who is duly accredited with a mastery over the materials wherewith he worked, that is equal to the measureless greatness of his thoughts. It has been proposed—mercy measure the monstrosity!—to improve the orchestration of the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and the notion has been justly met by Mr Manns in a paragraph in the book of his benefit concert last April, and by Mr Joseph Bennett in an article that appeared in this journal. There is one thing to be urged, and this is the single one, in support of the extravagant proposal—namely, that let be written what may, either in the way of making clear the ideas which Beethoven is now declared to have been unable to express, or else in making clear what the proposer would like him to have expressed, let be written what may, the world has always the freedom to receive or reject it, and we who have full faith in Beethoven so may still play him as he wrote, and may still believe that his writing is the immortal portion of himself. The orchestration of a master is as entirely individual to him as are his harmonies or his melodies. One can tell at a hearing that this or that is a score of Mendelssohn or of Schumann, of Spohr or of Weber, of Beethoven or of Mozart, quite as certainly as one can recognise a painter by his colouring or a poet by his idiom. Would a passage by Shakespeare be any longer his, were every word in it that is unusual in our times to be replaced by the last new University slang phrase which has been adopted by the Girl of the Period? Would a picture by Reynolds be any longer his, were it to be recoloured by even the ablest of living artists? Let it be granted that some of the orchestral effects of our master are not satisfactory to the full, and let it be presumed that this is a possible consequence of his infirmity, which he might have altered had he heard these effects as we hear them. What then? If Beethoven had not possessed that miraculous inner sense of sound through which he perceived the beautiful, he would not have been Beethoven; and, in like manner, had he not possessed that natural as lamentable outer senselessness to the very sounds of his own conceptions, so neither would he have been Beethoven. It is he that is our love, our adoration; and he, disguised by the manipulation of another hand, at the prompting of another brain, is a stranger to musicians, and strange may he be for ever. It is argued that the capabilities of instruments have been extended since our master wrote, and that he would have constructed different passages had the means been at hand for their execution. What then? Had he written something else, he would not have written what he wrote, and we shall better enjoy this legacy of genius if we believe it to be unimprovable, than if we submit it to the hacking mercies of any after-comer. Nay, the then limitation of compass of certain instruments brought particular beauties into some works of Beethoven which would not have been there had pianofortes and flutes and other machines for setting the air in motion been without top or bottom to their scale. Notice, in testimony, the many incidents, in the early Sonatas particularly, which, recurring in different keys from those wherein they first are heard, are then modified to bring them within the bounds of the instrument that would have been exceeded had the said incidents been precisely transposed; and new beauties spring from these modifications, beauties that never would have come into being had the copyist instead of the composer been able to transfer the phrases unaltered from one key into another. Let it be granted, a grant beyond the amplitude of all heretofore concessions, that the passages it is proposed to alter are weak, unworthy, even faulty. What then? A true lover may perceive faults in the person, or the mind, or the character of his mistress; but will he love her the less? Will he not love her in spite of, and even because of, these imperfections? This order of editorship has received countenance and even support in English print. Alas and well-a-day! It becomes then a duty to protest against it; but no protest can obliterate a once printed word. It is the winged seed that is borne upon the air from clime to clime and from people to people; there is only to

* From the Musical Times.

wish, where hope has no anchor, that the seed may fall on flinty soil, and that men's hearts will afford no nurture to the art-impunity. May such never become the concert edition of musical classics.

The responsibility of a musical editor is beyond calculation. We owe an infinite debt of gratitude to anyone who accepts this responsibility with implicit faith in his author; we owe as deep a debt of resentment to one who grasps it with an unshakable belief in himself.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The three novelties in last Monday's programme could not have been more fitly chosen had the director intended to illustrate as many well defined stages in the history of instrumental music. Seeing that the oldest of the three—a Sonata in F for violoncello, by Benedetto Marcello—afforded an example of instrumental music in its earliest stage, and that the composer flourished between the years 1680 and 1739, we get a vivid idea of the youthfulness of this branch of the art. Music itself is young, though "Jubal struck the corded shell" in the days of the world's infancy. The other arts reached a high development at a time we call ancient, but their divine sister has only within a comparatively recent period approached maturity, and asserted her power. It may even be said that men now living have witnessed this phenomenon, as far as all events, as regards its later and more pronounced stages. In studying the matter, therefore, we are not subject to the disadvantage of having to travel over a vast space. The birth and development of instrumental music, as a distinct branch of art, is an affair of no more than two hundred years, and the fact could not have been more clearly illustrated and presented for study than whether, inadvertently or not, was the case on Monday evening.

Marcello is far from being a mean exemplar of that earliest form of instrumental music which some writers call, for distinction's sake, the "contrapuntal harmonic." Only seventy years ago, and at the suggestion of no less a man than Cherubini, his principal work, "Paraphrases on the Fifty Psalms of David," was republished as a thing of classic and historic importance. He was a reformer, moreover; some critics even regarding him as the first to indicate the power of music as a means of expressing intense individual feeling. But, however this may be, the Sonata so marvellously well played by Signor Piatti on Monday night is typical of that early school to which Marcello's contemporaries, Corelli and Geminiani, belonged. Its formal cut, carefully measured phrases, unmeaning, if, for the executant, effective "divisions," perpetually recurring points of imitation, and other contrapuntal devices, and even the well-trained elegance of the *cantabile* passages, all mark a period when instrumental music was in the hands of "school-men," who looked upon it as a matter for scientific manipulation, little dreaming of its immense capacity as a means whereby to express ideas and emotions too big or too subtle for the clumsier machinery of words. From an antiquarian and historical point of view, compositions like this Sonata have their value, and we are far from underrating it; but otherwise they are little worth. In 1580 the literati of Florence, mistrusting the tendencies of their day, established an association for the revival of Greek art, including Greek music. Prophecy is dangerous, but it may safely be said that not even the wildest vagaries of the Liszt and Wagners of the future will end in a Renaissance of the Corelli-Marcello style. So utterly opposed is it to the prevailing taste, and so narrow are its pretensions, that we might as soon look for a return to the flint implements of our much-debated and remotest ancestors.

The second novelty—Haydn's Quartet in C (op. 20)—afforded a perfect illustration of that period in the history of instrumental music which, again for distinction's sake, is sometimes called the "melodic-thematic." By the able annotator of the programmes, the work itself is styled, "one of the most original and curious examples" of Haydn's genius; and we are disposed to believe that the entire "83" do not contain anything more characteristic of the good old master who did so much to bestow upon his art the "well-ordered liberty" which is its highest good. It exemplifies that perfect symmetry of a whole made up of many parts which Haydn was the first to establish as a law. It demonstrates the expression of individual feeling, as, for example,

tenderness and humour, upon which later composers were to improve; and it shows how all this is not antagonistic to, but compatible with scholasticism; the only difference being that, whereas scholasticism was formerly predominant, it is now made to subserve a greater end than itself. Haydn was a poet, albeit his strains were as gentle, and at times as humorous, as those of Cowper; but he was also a scholar, and just as Milton's great epic derives strength from its abounding classic lore, so the tone-poems of Haydn rest upon the solid basis of contrapuntal knowledge. It may be doubted whether music, as an art, ever rose higher than in the works of this master and his illustrious contemporary, Mozart; and there is cause for rejoicing that, amid all the changes of recent years, those works hold their ground as the purest conceivable models. We cannot dismiss the Quartet in C without mentioning the last movement—a fugue upon four subjects, throughout which the composer revels in counterpoint, as though delighting to show that its service is, to a genius like himself, perfect freedom, and that it cramps only the incompetent.

Come we now to the third novelty—a pianoforte trio in F (Op. 28), by Gernsheim, one of the youngest, but not least successful, of those modern German composers who belong to the emotional school, and labour on in the wake, sometimes very far in the wake, of Beethoven. Never has a composer set a more dangerous example than the author of the "posthumous quartets" and the choral symphony. How he, launching boldly out from the orbit in which Haydn and Mozart moved, made music a channel for the outcome of all a great soul's emotions and aspirations need not here be told. Enough for the present argument that Beethoven exemplified a manner and a spirit, of which the manner can be imitated, while the spirit is unattainable, save to kindred genius. This is a stone of stumbling to the many who have endeavoured to follow in his steps, and who can give us the body without the soul necessary to sentient life. It is all very well to say that the poetic instinct makes up for want of experience; that the poet's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," can see things which ordinary mortals have laboriously to search after, if haply they may find them. Beethoven was a poet by nature, but his powers were developed late in life, when he had passed through the furnace of affliction, and when the resultant emotions found their natural expression in the language of his art. The mighty genius of the man made the form of that expression classic, and gave a law to his successors, who, while imitating the manner, want the experience which made it necessary. This result is not at all a matter of wonder. The wonder would be if any other supervened, because both the intellectual and emotional nature are exercised in a great work of art. If, for example, the outline of a statue may be said to exist in a block of marble, needing only mechanical skill to define it, the seeming life which animates the figure is a reflection of that living in the sculptor's own being. So in music. Beethoven has a host of imitators, who look upon him, with reason, as a model, but most of whom forget that a mere outline copy is nothing more than a simulacrum of the original, wanting the essential principles which give vitality to the form. Hence the many failures we witness in the modern German school, and the impression that school so often conveys of pretentious effort without a corresponding result. Gernsheim's trio, while marked by great ability, is a case in point. It is the shadow of Beethoven, without the substance. It is ever promising to say something remarkable, which, when it comes, is at best a confused and hollow echo of greater utterances; and the general effect, if its weakness be not demonstrable in accurate words, is sensible enough to the inner consciousness. When will modern composers recognise the fact that the bow of this mighty Beethoven can only be bent by an arm as strong as his?

FLORENCE.—After a long run, *Aida* will be shortly followed, at the Teatro Pagliano, by *Robert le Diable*.—The Teatro Nuovo re-opened with *Un Ballo in Maschera*.—It has been proposed to place a memorial tablet over the grave of Bartolommeo Cristofori of Padua, whom the Italians declare to have been the inventor of the pianoforte. But all attempts to find his grave have hitherto proved ineffectual. It is certain, however, that he was buried in the Church of Jacopo, now an Evangelical place of worship. In all probability, therefore, the stone will be let into the façade of the church. Bartolommeo was born at Padua, in 1651, and died at Florence, on the 27th January, 1731.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mr Mapleson's short Italian Opera season at the Queen's Theatre terminated on Saturday evening, when a remarkably fine performance of *Fidelio* was given to a crowded house. Mdle Tietjens was in splendid voice, and she never sang more magnificently; her acting, too, is finer than ever, and I have not often seen an audience so thoroughly moved by the pathos and passion of this sublime opera. Mr Bentham was an excellent Floristano. Herr Behrens, who became quite a favourite here, is the best Rocco we have had for a long time; and, though Signor Catalani has not voice enough for the music of Pizarro, he sang it with great tact. As Marcellina and Jacquino, Mdle Bauermeister and Signor Rinaldini were as judicious and as successful as ever. In *Faust*, Mdle Valleria's Marguerite was a surprise; it was in every respect a commendable performance. Madame Demerici-Lablache, who undertook the small part of Martha, showed how much may be done by a clever artist in a minor character. But perhaps the most interesting feature of the performance was the admirable singing of Signor De Reschi, and his dignified acting as Valentine. I need say nothing about the Lucrezia Borgia of Mdle Tietjens, nor about the Maffio Orzini of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, but, as you are less familiar with the Gennaro of Signor Brignoli, I may be permitted to say a word or two on the subject. When he had previously appeared, Signor Brignoli was not in good voice, but even then the charm of his artistic singing was universally recognized, and not a few musicians admitted that they would at any time prefer an artist of limited powers who knew how to use them to a tenor of unrivalled vocal power without method. But in *Lucrezia* Signor Brignoli had recovered his voice, and his exquisite delivery of "Di Pescatore," and the tenor part of the great trio, has not often been surpassed.

At Mr Hallé's concert last week Herr von Bülow appeared, but Liszt's pianoforte concerto, which he played very brilliantly, did not secure the admiration of many of our local amateurs. Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," a Suite now tolerably familiar here, gave great delight, and, like the other orchestral performances, it was admirably played. Mdle Gaetano was the only singer, and, as usual, her expressive singing gave great pleasure. An interesting programme is announced this week for Mr Hallé's concert:—

PART I.—Overture, *Sakuntala* (first time)—Goldmark; Aria, "Deh vieni" (Madame Sinico-Campobello)—Mozart; Grand Symphony in C major—Schubert. PART II.—Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (Mr Charles Hallé)—Mozart; Aria, "Di piacer mi valza it der" (*Gazza Ladra*) (Madame Sinico-Campobello)—Rossini; Pianoforte Solo, Valse Caprice in A minor (Mr Charles Hallé)—Schubert and Liszt; Song, "Robin Adair" (Madame Sinico-Campobello); "Danse des Bacchantes"—Gounod.

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday, Mdme Sinico, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Wadmore sang, and the audience, or, to be more exact, a portion of it, indulged as usual in the practice of inviting the singers to repeat their performances. Mr de Jong himself certainly does not encourage this habit. We believe he generally requests artists honoured by such requests to content themselves by repeating the last verse of the enclosed song.

There was a very charming concert of classical chamber music at the Concert Hall last night, for which the following interesting programme had been arranged:—

PART I.—Quartet in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti; Part-songs, "Spring" (W. Macfarren) and "Daylight is fading" (H. Loebe)—Manchester Vocal Society; Solo Violin, Suite in D minor (Rust). PART II.—Sonata in A minor, Op. 23, pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé and Mdme Norman-Néruda; Madrigal, "Play gently" (M. P. King)—Manchester Vocal Society; Glee, "The Hymn of Eros" (Earl of Wilton)—Manchester Vocal Society; Solo Violoncello, "Three Lieder ohne Worte" (Mendelssohn); Glee, "To all that breathe" (Attwood)—Manchester Vocal Society; Quartet in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Bauerkeller, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti.

When the directors of the Gentlemen's Concerts first decided to give chamber concerts on the subscription nights doubts were freely expressed about the prudence of the scheme; but really the audience is very well-behaved, and there is, perhaps, less talking

during a quartet than during a symphony. It is quite unnecessary for me to say a word about the manner in which the clever executants fulfilled their duties, nor would it be easy if I made the attempt. The part-singing was not unworthy of the concert, but the audience was, if possible, even more reserved than usual in its manifestations of applause.

December 9, 1874.

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is at length definitely settled that M. Campocasso retires from the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, but not immediately; he will remain at his post till the end of the present season. Somehow or other, he has never been very popular as a manager, and things had reached such a pitch that it was impossible they could go on much longer in the same manner. The public did not like M. Campocasso and M. Campocasso did not like the public. Referring to this subject, the *Guide Musical* remarks:—

"It is really incomprehensible that a theatre which, once upon a time, enabled its manager, with a grant of eighty thousand francs, honourably to make both ends meet at the conclusion of the campaign, should inevitably and fatally lead him to ruin now that he enjoys a grant of two hundred thousand. Have the pretensions of the public risen, in recent times, to a ridiculous height? Not a bit of it; the most unobliging subscribers accord their *satisfait* at the present day to singers whom, a few years ago, they would have spat upon. Is the love for the stage diminishing in this capital? On the contrary; *impresarii* have never made such tremendous profits. Have the expenses at the Monnaie increased in proportion to the grants? By no means; if we except the orchestra and the chorus, we are not aware that there has been any considerable augmentation in the expenses since the time when M. Letellier managed our Opera to the general satisfaction."

Further on, the same paper says:—

"The public are beginning to take more resignedly the state of confusion in which comic opera now is. They no longer get angry; they merely notify their dissatisfaction by ironical applause. This is a mode of expressing opinion of which we do not think much. There is not an artist who would not prefer being frankly hissed to receiving such humiliating bravos. Such a system is unworthy of an educated audience, and should be left at once to the frequenters of third-rate theatres. But everyone pleases himself in his own way, and the Young Brussels of the stalls think there is no pleasure comparable to that of stamping with the feet, and laughing in the face of those singers who are not up to their work, and of whom there is no lack this year in our comic-opera company."

As we see, it was high time that there should be some change. The last four operas to which M. Campocasso has treated his patrons have been *Martha*, *Le Chien du Jardinier*, *Zampa*, and *Robert le Diable*. *La Perle du Brésil* is in rehearsal, and will, probably, be produced some time during the present month.

The Italian-opera company, under the management of Sig. Smecchia, will open on the 16th January at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra with—most probably—*Un Ballo in Maschera*. This will be followed in due course by *Il Matrimonio segreto*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan Tutte*.

The new organ in the Church at Laeken was inaugurated, on the 30th ult., by M. Guilmant, organist of Trinity Church, Paris, and M. Maillay, Professor of the Organ at the Brussels Conservatory. It was built by MM. P. Scheyven and Co., successors of MM. Merklin and Schütz. The church was crowded, the members of the Royal Family being among those present.

VIENNA.—It is asserted that Mad. Nilsson will not appear at the Imperial Operahouse after all. The management wanted her to sing in German. The lady objected, and so the negotiations were broken off at the last moment.—*Iphigenie in Aulis* has been very carefully revived. It is now a century since it was first produced in Paris, on the 14th April, 1774. It was first brought out at Vienna in 1808. It was subsequently performed there seven times in 1809, and four times in 1810. It was after its performance in Paris that Gluck received the appointment of composer to the Imperial Court of Austria with an annual salary of 2,000 florins.—A new operetta entitled *Cagliostro* is to be produced at the Theater an der Wien. It is by Herr Straus.

RICHARD WAGNER'S REMINISCENCES OF SPONTINI.*

(To the Editor of the "Ménestrel.")

My dear Editor, as Spontini is the order of the day in the *Ménestrel*, your readers may not, perhaps, be sorry to make acquaintance with some pages of Richard Wagner's, which are entitled *My Reminiscences of Spontini*, and included in Vol. V. of his *Collected Works*. The notion of the author of *Lohengrin* describing his dealings with the composer of *Die Vestalin* is, you must allow, tolerably piquant. You will, moreover, I think, be rather astonished at the deference with which Wagner speaks of his illustrious predecessor, for people picture the ferocious Niebelung as knocking down with his club everyone he meets. But you must recollect that Spontini, despite his Italian origin, is of the same race as Gluck; and that he belongs to the same great school of lyric declamation whence Wagner derived his inspiration; if you bear this in mind, Wagner's respect will strike you as being as natural as it is logical. There is another surprise, too, in reserve for you. It has been said over and over again that Wagner envelops his thoughts in phrases so obscure and foggy that light never penetrates them, and that they defy even the sun itself. The tone of simplicity which reigns in the following account, and the good-natured frankness characterising it, will teach you the value of such assertions. It is true that all Wagner's writings do not possess the same limpidity,† but they contain, nevertheless, highly instructive views, of which I intend some day to give your readers the benefit, if this first specimen inspires them with a taste that way. Receive, my dear Editor, the assurance of the friendly devotion with which I remain yours truly,

VICTOR WILDER.

We had determined at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, to have a very careful revival of *Die Vestalin* for the autumn of the year 1844. As the co-operation of Mad. Schröder-Devrient was a guarantee that the performance would, in many respects, be a remarkable one, I suggested to Herr von Lüttichau, the Intendant of the Theatre, the idea of inviting Spontini to get up and conduct his justly-celebrated opera himself. This struck me as a most well-timed demonstration in favour of the composer, at a moment when he had been subjected to great humiliations at Berlin, and was about to leave that city without any hopes of returning to it. My wish was gratified, and as the management of the work formed part of my duties,‡ I was naturally the person charged to write to Spontini, and submit our proposals to him. I framed my letter in French, and, despite my inexperience of that language, it gave him, seemingly, a highly favourable opinion of my zeal, for in an epistle of which the style was perfectly majestic, he condescended to confide to me his instructions for all the preparative part of the ceremony. With regard to the vocal artists, he declared that he felt perfectly at ease, the more so as he could reckon on so talented a person as Mad. Schröder-Devrient. As to the chorus and ballet, he recommended me to neglect nothing which could ensure a performance worthy of the work; while, respecting the orchestra, he reckoned on its completely satisfying him. He entertained no doubt that we had the requisite number of instruments, "le tout garni de douze bonnes contrebasses."|| This phrase threw me into the greatest perplexity, for the number twelve, neatly written in figures, instantly gave me the measure of Spontini's pretensions, and left no doubt as to what he would not fail to expect in other matters. I ran off quickly to acquaint the Intendant with the state of the case, and explained to him that our project was not so easy of realization as we had supposed. He was much alarmed, and we agreed that, at any price, we must find some means of withdrawing our invitation. Meanwhile, Mad. Schröder-Devrient heard of our embarrassment, and, knowing Spontini as well as she did, laughed heartily at our imprudent simplicity. However, she consented to extricate us from our difficulty by authorizing us to take advantage of a slight

indisposition from which she was suffering as a pretext for putting off our project. Fortunately, Spontini had insisted on the prompt production of his work, because he could devote only a short time to us, in consequence of his being obliged to set out very soon for Paris, where he was expected with impatience. I eagerly adopted the pretext, and, dwelling on the indispensability of delay, again wrote to Spontini, saying that we renounced the pleasure of seeing him among us, and advising his giving up all idea of the visit which we had requested him to make. Believing we were delivered, we breathed freely.

We had quietly resumed our preparations, and were pretty well advanced, when, about twelve o'clock on the day previous to the general rehearsal, a strange carriage suddenly stopped at my door. An old man, proudly draped in an ample blue houppelande, and walking as solemnly as a Spanish grandee, got out. It was Spontini. He at once entered my room, showed me the letters I had addressed him, and demonstrated irrefutably that it was only in compliance with our pressing solicitations that he had come to Dresden. In all this, he had conformed entirely to our views and wishes. In my joy at seeing this marvellous man, and the hope of hearing his work executed under his own inspiration, I actually forgot my past terror and bravely resolved on doing all I could to content and satisfy him. This I told him frankly, and with an accent of truthfulness, which called up on his lip a smile full of kindness and child-like satisfaction; but when, to do away with any latent suspicion, I suggested that he himself should conduct the performance fixed for the next day, his countenance suddenly became clouded; he grew pensive, and appeared to foresee a host of difficulties. He specified nothing, however, and did not explain himself clearly on any point, so that I was greatly embarrassed, not knowing what course to adopt in order to prevail on him to do as I wished. After some hesitation, however, he at length enquired with what sort of stick I was accustomed to beat time. I told him it was a wooden staff on which white paper was pasted, and I gave him approximately its proportions. He heaved a deep sigh, and asked whether I thought that I could procure him by the next day an ebony staff, very thick, and of a length altogether unusual, with a large ivory knob at each end. I promised I would let him have for the rehearsal a staff of ordinary wood which should resemble the one he wanted, and, for the performance, another made of the prescribed materials, that is: of ebony decorated with ivory. Completely re-assured, he passed his hand over his forehead, authorized me to announce that he would conduct the orchestra next day, and left for his hotel, but not without having previously minutely repeated his instructions relative to his famous conducting-stick.

I did not know whether I was dreaming or awake, but, having at length recovered my senses, ran off to the theatre to relate what had occurred, and talk over all this strange visit foreboded. We were dumfounded. Mad. Schröder-Devrient gaily offered herself as a sacrifice to the old composer's whims, while I hastened to the master stage-carpenter, with whom I had a serious conference regarding the conductor's stick, after which I had promised to look. This grave negotiation went off most satisfactorily. The staff was constructed of the specified proportions; in colour it was exactly like ebony, and two large white knobs were fixed on the ends. In due time, we met at the grand rehearsal. Scarcely was he in his chair ere Spontini appeared ill at ease. He wanted above all things the oboes to be placed behind him. But, as this modification would have thrown the orchestra into a state of perturbation and disorder, I proposed that it should be adjourned, and promised to manage it myself after the rehearsal. This compromise having been tacitly accepted, the composer at last seized his staff. I instantly understood why he attached such extraordinary importance to its form and dimensions. He did not hold it by one of the ends as is generally done by those who have to conduct a band of instrumentalists; he grasped it firmly by the middle, and brandished it in such a manner, that one could easily see he used it as a field-marshal's staff, not to beat time, but to command.

In the very first scenes, matters got into a lamentable state of confusion, from which it was the more difficult to extricate them as the composer expressed himself in German with difficulty, and, consequently, could not succeed in rendering himself intelligible

* From *Le Ménestrel*.† They do not. If the Reader doubts this assertion, let him try to wade through *Oper und Drama, Eine Mittheilung an seine Freunde*, or any other of Herr R. Wagner's æsthetic works, or, if he is averse to severe mental effort, *experto credat*.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ Wagner was at that period conductor at the Royal Opera, Dresden.

|| The passages in turned commas are in French, in Wagner's original text.

either to the orchestra or the singers. But I had no difficulty in soon coming to the conclusion that his object was above all things to make us feel the necessity for fresh study. In fact, he aimed at nothing less than causing us to go through all the labour of the rehearsals over again. The disappointment felt by Fischer, the stage-manager and chorus-master, was something terrible, when he saw, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he might have to do all his work anew. He had been full of enthusiasm at the idea of the composer's speedy arrival, but was now boiling over with rage and mortification. Immediately Spontini opened his mouth, Fischer imagined it was to find some new fault with him, and he indulged in some rather coarse answers. To give one instance out of many: at the conclusion of a certain concerted piece, Spontini, bending towards me, said: "Mais savez-vous, vos chœurs ne chantent pas mal." Fischer, who was observing us with a suspicious eye, exclaimed in an irritated tone: "Eh bien! qu'y a-t-il encore? Qu'est-ce qu'il veut . . . le vieux?"

An important matter which detained us a long time was the arrangement of the triumphal march in the first act. The composer gave vent to inexhaustible complaints on seeing the indifferent bearing of the people at the entrance of the Vestals. He had not at first remarked that, by order of the stage-manager, everyone knelt down at the appearance of the Priestesses, for everything he could perceive only by means of his eyes was quite beyond the scope of his observation, on account of his being so extraordinarily short-sighted. What he wanted was for the Roman soldiers to testify their respect by striking the ground with their lances before kneeling down, and he wished the movement to be executed with the perfect precision of well-disciplined troops. We had to repeat it an incalculable number of times, and, unfortunately, at each new attempt, a certain number of tardy or too hasty lances interfered with the harmony of the proceedings. Spontini himself went through the manoeuvre with his celebrated conducting stick. All his trouble was thrown away! He could never obtain his ideal effect, and the action was wanting in energy and decision. The incident reminds me of the curious accuracy and striking effect of similar evolutions in *Fernand Cortez*, a work I had seen some years previously in Berlin, and which had left a deep impression on me. I perceived that we should have to devote considerable time and trouble to overcome the indolence characterizing such theatrical manoeuvres among us, and to execute them to the composer's satisfaction. After the first act, Spontini went upon the stage. Being so short-sighted, he supposed he was still surrounded by the principal artists, so he began valiantly stating the reasons which compelled him to postpone the production of his piece till it could be represented in the spirit in which he had conceived it. But the singers, to whom he fancied he was talking, were dispersed about the theatre, giving free course to their lamentations, and the venerable composer went on gravely haranguing, for the benefit of the stage-carpenters, the lampmen, and other persons employed on the establishment, and who crowded round him out of curiosity. It was before this audience, so little worthy of him, that he developed, with remarkable warmth, his theories on the real foundations of dramatic art. Directly I was able to form an opinion of the situation, I went up to him, and, in a friendly and deferential tone, explained to him his mistake. I assured him that all he desired should be done, and especially that Herr Eduard Devrient, who knew *Die Vestalin*, and recollected all the details of the *mise-en-scène* at Berlin, would undertake to drill the chorus-singers and supernumeraries. I thus succeeded in rescuing him from the somewhat ridiculous position, in which, to my great mortification, I saw him involved. My words reassured him, and we drew up together the plan we were to follow in getting up the pieces as he wished. To tell the truth, I was the only person to whom the new turn taken by matters was not, after all, disagreeable. The fact is that through Spontini's rather absurd caprices I clearly perceived the persevering energy with which he pursued the realization of one of the objects at present most neglected and unappreciated in dramatic art.

(To be continued.)

BAYREUTH.—King Ludwig of Bavaria is said to have made Herr R. Wagner another grant of 18,000 florins.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the monthly meeting of the Worcester City Council, on Tuesday week, the Mayor, Mr John Longmore, having made reference to the deputation from that body which waited upon the Dean and Chapter, Mr T. Minchall called the attention of the Council to the memorial now being signed, expressing concurrence with the action taken by the Dean and Chapter in withholding the use of the Cathedral for the next Festival of the Three Choirs. Mr Minchall complained that he knew of three instances in which signatures had been obtained either without the knowledge of the individuals or the exact object the memorial had in view. Signatures hailed from Edgbaston, Saltley, and other places, but in Worcester they had only obtained the names of fifty-one persons. The question was a national one, and it ought to be made manifest to the capitular body that they were not going to be down-trodden by a Dean and Chapter. The Queen was the Head of the Church, and he should suggest that her Most Gracious Majesty should receive a memorial from that body.—Mr Bozward moved a resolution to the effect that the deputation appointed at their last meeting (with power to add to their number) should be formed into a committee, with a view to still use every endeavour and take such steps as should be deemed necessary for obtaining the object they had in view.—Mr Curtis briefly seconded this.—Alderman E. Webb was of opinion that they should first of all express their deep regret in a resolution which should be forwarded to the Dean and Chapter, embodying their views that the loss of the Festival was a national and a local loss. The Cathedral did not belong to the Dean and Chapter, but to the nation, and the capitular body were simply its custodians for the nation.—Mr Jones (City Chamberlain) urged the Council to deal with the question in a spirit of love and charity, and as though they believed that the Dean and Chapter had been actuated by conscientious motives in doing what they had done.—Mr T. F. Airey said that the Dean and Chapter were acting as lords over God's heritage. He trusted that the Council would speak out unmistakably. He was prepared to vindicate the rights of the citizens to the fullest possible extent.—Mr Corbett was of opinion that they might agitate the question through their members of Parliament, seeing that the Dean and Chapter were subject to the control of Parliament.—Both resolutions were put and carried; it being also resolved that a memorial be sent from that body to Her Majesty the Queen.—On the motion of Mr Airey, it was also decided to apprise the Town Councils of Gloucester and Hereford as to the action which had that day been taken by the Worcester Corporation.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

Young Quaver and Crotchet were invited to sing
Where some charming young ladies had met,
But Crotchet could not think of any such thing
As join in a noisy quintet.
"No, no!" said Sir Crotchet, "I've too good a voice
To be growled out of time by Fred Quaver,
To sing you 'The Rose' I shall greatly rejoice
Just to shut up this ignorant young shaver.
I'm a tenor of old, and oft been told
I'm quite equal to 'Reeves' at his best,
But I'm not such a flat as to believe that,
Tho' I bring all my notes from my chest;
My G, I will own, from me has flown,
But my F is as pure as ever;
When I dwell on that note Fred coughs in his throat,
And sarcastically says 'Haw! Clevhaw!'"

As young Quaver takes Sir Crotchet's place
He smiles in Crotchet's placid face,—
"Loud roars the dreadful thunder," when
Fred smashes on the keys, and then
The lightning from his dark eyes flash,
The instruments going crash! crash! crash!
All the company look amazed,
And wonder if young Quaver's crazed;
If row is singing, I am done, Sir,
And every "musical treat" I'll shun, Sir.—R.C.

MORE CELTIC COMPETITORS.

(From "Saunders's News Letter.")

Since we last wrote upon the National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, the third series of which is to take place in the midsummer of 1875, we have anxiously waited to learn if there were any signs of the preparation of a choral class for the competitions by the Royal Irish Academy of Music, but the latter has made no sign. It was stated in the former article on this subject that it was a shadow upon the musical genius of this country to remain unrepresented at these meetings, and a hope was expressed that the Irish Academy of Music would prepare and send up a contingent to compete upon the platform in the transept of the Crystal Palace at the next meeting. It was likewise hinted that, inasmuch as the Royal Irish Academy of Music was in receipt of a Government grant, and also the subscriptions of those who charitably desired the progress of the art amongst the humbler classes in this city, that it was the duty of the executive council of that body to see that the funds at its command were applied to what we deem was the object of the foundation of the Academy—namely, to provide those young persons who manifested a talent for music, but who were unable to pay for instruction, with adequate means to develop their musical instincts. This certainly ought to be the object of such an institution. Otherwise it is useless—aye, and worse, an incubus upon art. To enable the children of the upper and middle classes of Dublin and its suburbs to get musical instruction on lower terms than they would at home, is simply to injure the prospects of the majority of the musical professors, who are sacrificed thereby to the erroneous dictation of a council of amateurs. We should like to see the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the other artists of that body, directed by a committee of self-elected amateur painters! Why, even the very proposal of such a mode of extending art-knowledge would stamp the proposer as a lunatic. Yet it is exactly the mode applied to the musical professors of this city. A council of amateurs arrogate to themselves the direction of the musical tuition, not of the lower classes, but of the upper, and, with the aid of a few members of the profession, provide the opulent with cheap instruction. We would suggest that the musical profession at large in this country should memorialise the Lords of the Treasury to have an inspector sent over to report on the Royal Irish Academy of Music. All schools receiving Government grants in England and Wales are inspected. Why not extend the same salutary system to Ireland? This would set things to rights, and put people in their right places. To return to the National Music Meetings. The highest branch of the art, solo singing, has here a chance of achieving a sufficient reputation for a start in life. A single hearing may enable the man or woman to take his or her place in the concerts of the country, and thereby get some certainty of ample means for the future. This class is open to all comers; so that poor folk with fine voices have a chance of making their gifts available to fortune. This cannot be adequately appreciated at the present. Then the prizes for large and small choirs incite the choral bodies in towns to unity of action, and the lovers of art-progress to afford by their subscriptions the means of transmitting these numerous bodies to London. In France there are abundant competitions. Last year there were seventy choirs brought together at Lille to contend for the proffered prizes. It may be remembered how the brilliant results of such competitions were realized when the Orpheonists, to the amount of three thousand trained chorists, visited London some few years ago. South and North Wales will send their bands of singers, consisting of miners, colliers, and their wives and children. Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Bradford, and London and its suburbs will send their contingents. Will it not be disgraceful if Ireland is unrepresented? There is plenty of choral material in this city, as was proved at the opening of the late Exhibition. All it requires is to be collected together and incited to the struggle by a really clever man as its conductor. Then there are numbers of small private vocal societies in Dublin, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, who have studied music for its own sake—for the blessed art is like religion, its own reward. Let them amalgamate with the University Choral Society, and, under the direction of Sir Robert Stewart, appear next summer in the orchestra at

Sydenham, and we can promise them a welcome that will ring through the magnificent building, and one which will startle the wanderers far away in its beautiful grounds.

THE LIVERPOOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The following address has been presented, at a meeting of the Festival Choir, held at the Philharmonic Hall, Hope Street:—

TO JAMES SAUNDERS, ESQ.

"We, the members of the chorus engaged in the recent Musical Festival, feeling that our generally acknowledged success at the performances is due in a very large measure to the care and ability displayed by you as conductor of the choral rehearsals, unanimously desire to offer you our hearty congratulations and sincere thanks.

"The time at our disposal for rehearsal for the Festival was, considering the nature of the music to be performed, very limited, and it needed all the vigorous and intelligent perseverance displayed by you to render us fit for the public appearances.

"We are happy to believe that the professional pursuit in which you are engaged is to you a labour of love, and that the success which has attended your many practical efforts to foster and cultivate the art of music in this town is to you in itself sufficient public recognition. We are, however, none the less glad to hear of the graceful and just notice of your services to the chorus by his Royal Highness, the President of the Festival, whose approval is especially valuable, both because of his well-known musical taste and knowledge and the strong personal interest taken by him in the Festival.

"We beg once more to express our warm thanks and acknowledgments to you, and to request that you will receive this spontaneous address as some permanent memorial of our friendly feeling and goodwill, and also as a memento of the Liverpool Triennial Musical Festival, 1874.—Signed on behalf of the Members of the Chorus,

"JOHN BRIDSON, JUN., SIMON DRILEMAN,

"E. LIVINGSTONE BOULT, JOSEPH HAWKINS.

"Liverpool, October 5th, 1874."

The address, which is handsomely framed, contains views of the Philharmonic and St George's Halls, with portraits of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and Sullivan, being the principal composers whose works were performed at the Festival, the whole surrounded with a floral border. [How about Mr Macfarren?—ED.]

Le Nouvel Opéra.
("Canard.")

L'inauguration du nouvel Opéra aura lieu le 25 de ce mois. C'est un ordre émané de la Présidence, et parvenu hier à MM. Halanzier et Garnier, qui fixe irrévocablement cette date.

Ce monument, que l'Europe nous envie, s'ouvrira pour la première fois, non pas avec une représentation théâtrale, mais par une fête de gala, organisée sous les auspices de Mme la maréchale de MacMahon, et à laquelle seront conviés le corps diplomatique et toute la haute société parisienne.

Le produit de cette soirée sera consacré à une œuvre de bienfaisance, à l'œuvre des Alsaciens-Lorrains, je crois.

Nous sommes désolé de ne pas nous trouver en communauté d'idée avec les organisateurs de cette fête: Elle sera splendide, c'est entendu, tout ce que Paris contient d'illustrations de toutes sortes se fera un devoir et un plaisir d'assister à la solennité que lui offre l'initiative présidentielle; mais nous regrettons vivement qu'on n'ait pas songé qu'il s'agissait d'inaugurer une salle au fronton de laquelle se dressent les statues de Mozart, de Beethoven, de Gluck, d'Halévy, d'Agner et de Meyerbeer.

L'Opéra n'est donc plus le temple de la grande et belle musique? En l'ouvrant par un bal, on dénature sa destination principale, et un seul homme peut être flatté de voir inaugurer par des quadrilles le monument de M. Garnier: c'est M. Strauss, le chef d'orchestre des bals masqués.

La fête du 25 décembre sera l'inauguration d'une salle où l'on danse tous les samedis de carnaval, ce ne sera plus l'inauguration d'un théâtre où l'on doit interpréter *Guillaume Tell*, *la Juive*, *la Mucette*, *les Huguenots*, *Hamlet* et *Faust*!

François Deswaid.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A "Students' Concert" took place on Thursday evening (December 3rd), and, as usual, attracted a large number of the friends and patrons of the young artists. The following is the programme:—

Trio in G, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Kelly, Mr Szczepanowski, and Mr Buels)—Haydn; Ave Maria (adapted to the first Prelude of J. S. Bach) (Mdlle Marietta)—Gounod; Thirty-two Variations in C minor, pianoforte (Miss Pamphilon)—Beethoven; Canzonet, "The Mermaid" (Miss Rose Barnby)—Haydn; Part-songs, "Departure," Mendelssohn, "Hunting Song," Walter Macfarren; Intermede de Concert, in E (No. 2, Op. 185), pianoforte (Miss Edridge)—Stephen Heller; Song, "To Chloe in Sickness" (Miss M. J. Williams)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Sonata in D minor (First movement), pianoforte (Mr Morton)—Weber; Song, "Lorelei" (Miss Jessie Jones)—Liszt; Sonata in A (first movement), Pianoforte and Violin (Miss Fitch and Mr Szczepanowski)—Gade; Song, "Songs and Smiles" (Mr Howells)—Walter Macfarren; Mazurka in B minor, pianoforte (Miss Batty)—Chopin; Part-song (female voices), "Ye Spotted Snakes"—G. A. Macfarren; Polonaise in C, pianoforte (Miss Bucknall)—Beethoven; Song, "Maiden Thoughts" (Miss Nessie Goode)—Mendelssohn; Duetto, "La Regatta Venezia" (Miss Beata Francis and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholarship)—Rossini; Polonaise in A, pianoforte (Miss Chapman)—Chopin; Trio and Chorus, "The Cough and Crow," (Solos by Miss Marie Duval, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr Ap Herbert)—Bishop.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Grace Bolton, Miss Alice Curtis, Miss Hopkins, and Mr Walter Fitton. The progress made by Miss Pamphilon and Miss Bucknall, as pianists, and by Miss J. Williams, Miss Beata Francis, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr Ap Herbert, as vocalists, deserves recording. The next public rehearsal is announced to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday morning, December 15.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

(From an old Correspondent.)

The ballad concert of Monday evening last was marked by an unusual series of disappointments. Although announced to sing, neither Mdme Elena Corani, Mdme Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, nor Mr Whitney were present, excuses being made for each on the score of indisposition. In spite, however, of these misfortunes, the concert was very good of its kind, Miss Anna Williams, Mr Cummings, and Mr Patey, coming happily to the rescue, and supplying the voids accidentally occasioned in the programme. Then, Miss Edith Wynne did not fail, and to this accomplished vocalist—always a tower of strength—the audience were indebted for charming renderings of Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen" and Randegger's "Only for one," encores being demanded in each instance and responded to—in the one case by "Love has eyes," and in the other by the "Old Clock," which also might have been repeated had the singer been willing. Miss Anna Williams, the next in importance, sang "The Minstrel Boy," Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side" and Meyerbeer's "Fishermans" with clearness and spirit, meriting a better appreciation on the part of the listeners than it was her lot to meet with; but better times are, doubtless, in store for her. Mr Cummings was by no means looked upon with disfavour as the substitute for Mr Vernon Rigby, and his delivery of the songs, "Sunshine and the Shade," "The Pilgrim of Love" (exchanged upon an encore, for "Love me little, love me long"), and the pleasant, if ancient, ditty, "The Thorn," were triumphant specimens of popular ballad singing, and satisfied the audience mightily. Besides the foregoing, Mr Patey gave Wallace's excellent song, "The Bellringer," and "I am a friar of orders grey;" and, if not exactly an equivalent for his wife, sang agreeably and with effect. Among the best pleasures of the evening were the performances of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. This cultivated body of singers delivered, under the skilful direction of Mr Barnby, several choice pieces of part-music, namely, Sullivan's "Joy to the victors," Barnby's "Sweet and low," Bishop's "Now tramp," Festa's "Down in a flowery vale," Smart's "Waken, lords and ladies gay," and the Gipsy chorus from *Preciosa*, with so much taste and expression as to win in two instances peremptory flats of repetition. The cornet, when M. Levy plays it, is always welcome, and as the artist in question never exhibited greater dexterity in what he was set

down to do, and what he did by way of compensation for the absentees, than upon the present occasion, general and vociferous delight prevailed. The orchestra opened the first part with a capital performance of Auber's overture to *Zanetta*, and the second by Weber's to *Der Freischütz*. Mr Randegger accompanied the singers as usual, and it need hardly be added, with consummate judgment and delicacy.

SVENDSEN.

Johann Svendsen goes on from success to success. He is making his mark far more rapidly than even his friends could hope for. Selected to compose the music for the Coronation of Oscar the 1st, made conductor of the great concerts of the capital, and pensioned by his government for life, as an acknowledgment of his genius, while the fame of his compositions is known all over Europe and America, and all within four or five years, while he has hardly attained the age of thirty-five, surely he has something to be proud and grateful for—sufficient, we think, to encourage him to throw all his soul into his work. We are glad to know that he is a great worker, and that he has several important works in his portfolio, some underway and others completed. On the third of October he gave a grand concert, with great orchestra, in Christiania, attended by an overflowing audience, who received his programme with the greatest enthusiasm, encoring some pieces, and frequently calling him back to the orchestra to receive tokens of admiration. The local critics speak of his compositions in terms of the most unqualified praise. Apart from their splendid instrumentation, they are spoken of as strikingly original, and full of delicate imagination, vigorous fancy, and tender and passionate melody. When shall we hear some of these new works? The critics mention him, too, as one of the most brilliant conductors living, a fact to which Liszt and Wagner have borne testimony.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

A DECREE AGAINST ACTORS AND SINGERS.

Minerva, a paper published in Canada, contains a strange piece of news. A French buffo opera company, under the management of M. Chizzola, went to play at Montreal. No sooner did the Bishop hear of their arrival than he published a furious decree, which he ordered all his curates to read from their pulpita. We give this episcopal document, which will certainly remain a curiosity in the history of art during the nineteenth century:—

"We have learnt, with profound grief, that, in a few days, our city will again be the sad scene of a deplorable scandal, which will certainly be the cause of very grave crimes, and will draw down upon the city terrible maledictions. We refer to certain plays about to be represented by some foreigners who are coming here, and who have sworn to rob us of what we owe to the poor, and to ravish the treasure of innocence from all who attend their shameful performances. Sinister placards are already displayed in various places, announcing the day on which a most infamous and most humiliating outrage will be offered to public morals, by exhibiting to a Roman Catholic city, and a population possessed of self-respect, indescribable and nameless horrors. The columns of certain papers already announce the arrival of a company of French actors, who have come to spread the most abominable vice through the city and its neighbourhood. Ah! if you could only understand what strange evils result from a love for the theatre, you would be seized with terror, and this consideration alone would suffice, without doubt, to induce you never to put your foot in that scandalous place, where Satan reigns with absolute power, and which is truly the vestibule of Hell. As an antidote, Monsignor orders that the sacred relics of Our Lord, of the blessed Virgin, and of all the Saints, shall be exhibited in every church; that this exhibition shall last during the time the theatre is closed; and that, lastly, towards seven in the evening, which is about the hour when the theatre opens, the sacred relics shall be venerated with the usual solemnities.

"N.B.—Those persons who have not time to go to a church should pray and count their rosary at home. By so doing, they will obtain forty days' indulgence."

If the act of counting the rosary had, instead of forty days' indulgence, procured the faithful a ticket of admission, there would certainly have been a greater counting of rosaries, but there could not have been a greater crowd at the theatre. According to the *Minerva*, *La Princesse de Trebizonde*, and *La Fille de Mad. Angot*, produce fabulous receipts, and, every evening, M. Chizzola laughs at his rival, Monsignore.—*Gazzetta Musicale*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, 1874.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, No. 9, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZEBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
RECIT. "Deeper, and deeper still" } Mr SIMS REEVES .. *Handel.*
AIR, "Wait her, angels" }
NOCTURNE, in E major, No. 18 } for pianoforte alone— }
BARCAROLLE, in F, harp major } Mr CHARLES HALLE } *Chopin.*

PART II.

SONATA DA CAMERA, in G minor, for violin, with pianoforte
accompaniment (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Madame
NORMAN-NERUDA .. *Locatelli.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Mr SIMS REEVES .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and
violin (by desire)—Mr CHARLES HALLE and Madame NORMAN-
NERUDA .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor Mr ZEBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 18, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZEBINI,
and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "I pray thee by the gods above"—Mr SARTLEY *Albany.*
SONATA, in G major, Op. 29, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Mr
CHARLES HALLE .. *Beethoven.*
RECIT. and AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries" (by desire)—Mr
SARTLEY *Handel.*
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr
CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

WE must apologise to Music for connecting her pure and noble name with the thing called *opéra-bouffe* and burlesque (the terms are well nigh interchangeable); and it is with some reluctance that we give the most prominent place in our journal to the discussion of any question bearing on such matters. It often happens, however, in this confused and disjointed world, that the good gets mixed up with the bad, in seeming, if not in reality, and the practical man has to take note of and act upon the conjunction. A large part of the world will regard as music that which they hear in places where vulgarity and indecency reign supreme, and it thus becomes a subject with which a musical journalist may, under a strong sense of duty, soil his hands. This must be our excuse for noticing a recent trial, the verdict in which

must inevitably strengthen the hands of those who, amid sore discouragement, have long been trying to purify the lower forms of the musical stage. It is but a little while ago that the distinctive characteristics of that stage—vulgarity and indecency—were rampant, and supported, to all appearance, by public opinion. The protestors, then, were bold men, for they had not only to face the sneers of the degraded, but the apathy of the refined. At all times, moreover, the terrors of the law formed a by no means assuring element in the case, and one to be noted very seriously. Jurors are capricious, and the definition of the word "libel" is an elastic one; while damages and costs, in ever so slight a case, are almost equal to martyrdom. Of late, however, society seems to have gone into a repentant mood. It desires to live cleanly, sets its face, and raises its voice, against the shameless exhibitions which pass for musico-dramatic performances, and is disposed to back up the men who were once left to fight the battle of the right alone. One result of this we see in the bolder tone of public criticism, and the zeal with which the press unites to crush the hateful parasites which have so long battered upon the body of art. It is all very well, and very easy, to accuse the critics of time-serving. They have a difficult task to perform, and nothing is more grateful to them, or more readily turned to account, than an indication that public opinion is on their side. But, till within the last few days, they have had to reckon with the law of libel, so eagerly appealed to by the men upon whom the flail of the critic descends to bruise and maim. There was always the probability that a jury of business men, sympathising with a man whose business another has damaged, would be tempted to give him ample consolation, and, perhaps, go far to ruin the champion of decency. Happily, "twelve good men and true" at Westminster have established a precedent which will work an infinity of good. The last hope of those who live by pandering to the licentiousness of fools and rakes is now gone. Henceforth their threats of actions-at-law will be treated with scorn; for the jury box has become the guarantee of critical liberty, and a man can no more be punished for calling a spade a spade. We trust that the defeat of an effort to amerce a writer who spoke out bravely in the discharge of his duties will be taken full advantage of. The critics have now a fair field, and it rests with them, backed as they are by the opinion of society, to clear the stage of all the strumpets who so long have walked it as a shameless show, and to restore us the Genius of the Drama "clothed and in her right mind."

THE report, mentioned by us last week, that the Dean and Chapter had definitely refused the use of the Cathedral for the next Festival is now confirmed. After all, then, the statement of Mr Yorke that "no final decision had been arrived at" was simply "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." We must admit that the clergymen, with something like the adroitness of their Jesuit brethren, have played the game well, and outwitted their opponents. Nothing could be cooler, or cleverer, than the manner in which, having induced the Stewards to withdraw the charge of violating an "honourable understanding" they turned about, and, in effect, told those gentlemen that, having made the *amende honorable*, they may go. It is said that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light," but if the Worcester Chapter be children of light—a supposition many would repudiate—the dictum is far from true. We do not regret the ultimate resolve of the parsons. They have done their worst, and have effectually shown what

manner of men they are. Let them alone now, till the day of reckoning comes, when the nation will be master of its own edifices. But, meanwhile, what is the evicted Festival to do? Clearly to make arrangements for a temporary building, and then pursue the even tenor of its way. Hereford and Gloucester are still true to the cause, and they ought not to suffer through the whims (are they whims, Dean Yorke?) of five Worcester clerics. We urge the Stewards, therefore, to take immediate action. The money would readily be found; public opinion is with them; and a successful gathering would surely be the result. As for the Dean and Chapter's Festival of surplices and sermons, no need exists to take that into account. Its interest could hardly extend beyond sundry compact folds inhabited by elderly ladies, and gushing young people of both sexes, whose sentiment is flattered by picturesque devotions.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT MOSCOW.

(From a Correspondent.)

MADAME NILSSON made her first appearance at the Opera here, on Thursday, as Marguerite in *Faust*, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The Garden scene, the scene of the Cathedral, and that of the Prison, which brings the opera to an end, one and all excited the vast audience to a degree almost unprecedented. The singing and acting of the gifted Swedish lady were perfect throughout. The true "Gretchen" was, indeed, before us. M. Capoul played Faust, and made a good impression on the Moscow connoisseurs. But the rage is Christine Nilsson, who has once more brought this picturesque and ancient capital to her feet. I have no time to write more at present.

Moscow, December 7th.

F. L. R.

THE second Scotch concert at the Royal Albert Hall was again a decided success. The audience was numerous, brilliant, and enthusiastic. Unfortunately, the "peerless tenor" was absent through hoarseness, as was also Mr Whitney. For the latter, Mr Thurley Beale proved an able substitute, and Miss Antoinette Sterling was good enough to take the place of Mr Sims Reeves in "Auld Lang Syne." The programme was, as nearly as possible, the same as on "St Andrew's Day." In place of Mr Lloyd we had Mr Nelson Varley, who introduced "Dreams of Home," a new song by Herr Reichardt (written and composed in memory of Dr Livingstone). This song will certainly rank with the best of Herr Reichardt's productions. It proved a great success, Mr Varley being called upon to repeat it. As on the former occasion, Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Antoinette Sterling, and the other artists, acquitted themselves most admirably in the parts allotted to them.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr RIDLEY PRENTICE gave a concert at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on Tuesday evening, December 8. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Alice Barnett, and Mr Henry Guy; violin, Mr Henry Holmes; and pianoforte, Mr Ridley Prentice. Mr Ridley Prentice, as usual, gave the "classical" masters the chief place in his programme, the talented pianist himself playing Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Weber's "Moto perpetuo," and, with Mr Henry Holmes, Schumann's Sonatas, for pianoforte and violin, in A minor. Mr Ridley Prentice also introduced two elegant pieces of his own composition, viz., a Rêverie, and a Minuet and Trio. In each and all of these Mr Prentice obtained the applause of his audience. Mr Henry Holmes' performance of Ernst's Elegie was so good that he was called upon to repeat it, and he was unanimously "recalled" after an Allegro by Tartini. Miss Edith Wynne, a great favourite at Blackheath, as elsewhere, in a sacred song by Mr Ridley Prentice, "The God of Love my Shepherd is," did ample justice to the clever composition of the concert-giver, and was compelled to repeat a new song by Mrs Phillips. Miss Alice Barnett

came in for a fair share of approbation, and Mr Henry Guy, in Henry Smart's "Go, whispering Breeze" and a *Lied* by Mendelssohn, made a highly favourable impression. Mr Guy is advancing steadily in his profession, and may now take his place among our best tenor singers. Mr Henry Parker accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

At the New Philharmonic Society's *soirées*, the last for the present season in St George's Hall, the following pieces were performed:—Sonata, pianoforte and violin (Miss Alice Barnett and Herr Ludwig)—Gade; Romanza, "O tu, palermo" (*Soesfri Scialiani*) (Signor Ricciardo)—Verdi; Song, "Thine is my heart" (Miss Buley)—Schubert; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, pianoforte (Mr Coenen)—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Song of Hybris the Cretan" (Signor Ricciardo)—J. W. Elliot; Solo Violin, *Andante* and *Scherzo*, violin (Herr Ludwig)—F. David; Song, "Ou voulez vous aller" (Miss Buley)—Gounod; Violoncello Solo, Caprice Hongrois, violoncello (M. Paque)—Dunkler; Song, "My Mother's Song" (Miss Myers)—Ganz; Solo Pianoforte (Mr Coenen)—Coenen; Duet, *Hommage à Händel* (Miss Codd and Mr G. F. Gear)—Moscheles. Herr Ganz was the conductor. The programme was approved by the audience, who called upon Mr Coenen to repeat Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue, but Mr Coenen adopted the fashion of playing something else instead, and M. Paque followed his example by playing a *Tarantella* on being "encored" in his Caprice Hongrois. The audience were also highly delighted with the performance of Moscheles' duet, "Hommage à Händel," by Miss Codd and Mr G. F. Gear. The *soirées* and practices are to be discontinued for the present, as members do not take sufficient advantage of them to justify their continuance. The council of the Society will, however, take into consideration any suggestions made by members desirous of having the *soirées* or practices continued in future seasons.

Mr SYDNEY SMITH's second pianoforte "recital" was as successful as the first given by the accomplished composer and pianist. We subjoin the programme as a specimen of one that attracted a very large audience to listen and to applaud:—

Concerto in G minor, arranged for two pianos (Mr Sydney Smith and Pupil, amateur)—Mendelssohn; Aria, "Adelaide" (Mr Edward Lloyd)—Beethoven; Grand Fantasia, Pianoforte, "Russian National Hymn" (dedicated by special permission to Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh) (Mr Sydney Smith)—Sydney Smith; Recitative and Aria, "Di tanti palpiti" (*Tancredi*) (Miss Ellen Standish)—Rossini; Pianoforte Solos, "Titania," Caprice, and "En Route," Marche Militaire (second time of performance, by request) (by the composer)—Sydney Smith; Song, "The Garland" (Mr Edward Lloyd)—Mendelssohn; Pianoforte Solos, Etude, No. 2, Op. 23, Rubinstein, Impromptu, No. 3, Op. 90, Schubert, March (from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*), Liszt (Mr Sydney Smith); Song, "Will he come?" (Miss Ellen Standish)—Arthur Sullivan; Pianoforte Solos, "Adieu," Mélodie, "Com 6 gentil," for the left hand alone (by request), "Fête Militaire," Morceau Brillant (by the composer)—Sydney Smith; Ballad "Good night, beloved" (Mr Edward Lloyd)—Balfé; Duo, for two pianos, "Invitation à la Valse" (Mr Sydney Smith and Pupil, amateur)—Weber.

Mr Sydney Smith may be unreservedly praised for his excellent performance of many of his most popular drawing-room pieces, as well as for the duets by Mendelssohn and Weber, rendered with his clever pupil. Herr Meyer Lütz accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte.

Mr W. F. TAYLOR (organist of St Mary's, Battersea) gave his usual annual concert in the Lammas Hall on the 26th ult., when he was assisted by Miss Edith Holman Andrews, Miss Gertrude Ashton, Miss Hamilton, Mr Manfred Dale, Mr E. Maby (solo clarinet), and Mr E. L. Shute (accompanist). The programme, which contained several of Mr Taylor's own compositions, gave very great satisfaction to the audience. The cultivated style of singing of the ladies, and their remarkable precision, combined with their excellent voices, produced the most complete success, especially in the duets, "Ties of friendship" (Benedict) and "The shades of eve" (W. F. Taylor). The songs, "My true love has my heart" (Blumenthal), sung by Miss Andrews, and the "Lone Light" (Taylor), sung by Miss Ashton, were both encored. Mr Bale successfully rendered "Mandolinata." The pianoforte solos were highly appreciated. Miss Hamilton, a very young player (pupil of Mr Taylor), shewed powers beyond her years, and, in a duet with Mr Taylor and two *pièces de salon* ("Star of the West" and "Stars, the night adorning") by W. F. Taylor, was enthusiastically applauded, whilst Mr Taylor himself was no less successful in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Liszt's *Prophète*, and two Gavottes of his own composition. Mr Taylor also joined Mr Maby in a duo for clarinet and piano by Weber, the exquisitely beautiful *romanza* and the dashing *polacca* being beautifully rendered by Mr Maby. Mr Maby also gained an enthusiastic recall in a solo by Brebant. The accompaniments were most efficiently and effectively played by Mr E. L. Shute, and, altogether, the concert was pronounced by the audience to be one of the best ever given in Battersea.

PROVINCIAL.

DARTFORD.—A concert was given at the Victoria Assembly Rooms on the 4th inst., by the Committee formed to aid the District Relief and Visiting Society, when a numerous and enthusiastic audience, including the principal families of the neighbourhood, filled the room. The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr Land, were engaged for the occasion, their well-known finished and artistic glee singing affording the utmost pleasure. A new ballad, "Somebody thinking of me," by Mr Land, was eminently successful and re-demanded. Mr Coates, Miss J. Wells, Mr Baxter, and Mr Lawler were called upon to repeat their solos.

BRIGHTON.—Mapleson's Opera Company commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal on Monday, with *Il Trovatore* (the irrepressible!) On Tuesday evening Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, with the fascinating Mlle Louise Singelli as Caterina, and Mr Bentham as Don Enrico, will be given. *Il Talismano* will be produced, with Mlle Tietjens as Edith Plantagenet, Madame Maria Roze as Berengaria, Signor Campanini as Sir Kenneth, and Signor Galassi as Richard Cœur de Lion. Balfe's posthumous opera has been making the round of the provinces, and has everywhere met with the greatest success. On Thursday *Don Giovanni*, with Mlle Tietjens as Donna Anna, Madame Trebelli Bettini as Zerlina, and Signor Brignoli as Don Ottavio. On Friday *Faust*; and on Saturday, for the benefit of Mlle Tietjens, a "combined" entertainment will probably be given.

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Guardian* of November 20th contains a lengthened account of Signor Randegger's cantata, *Fridolin*, in which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Nelson Varley, Mr R. Hilton, and Signor Gustave Garcia sang the principal parts, and Mr H. Weist Hill and other members of Her Majesty's Opera orchestra assisted the local orchestra, with Mr Henry Farmer as conductor. The band and chorus (about two hundred voices) executed their task admirably, and the principal vocalists met with just appreciation, Signor Garcia, in "O woman with the pure and guileless face," being highly praised for his fine declamation. A miscellaneous selection followed the cantata. Mlle José Sherrington obtained an encore for the "Shadow song" in *Dinorah*, and Signor Garcia unanimous applause after "Oh live, or let me die," from the same opera. Mr G. Essex was the organist, and Miss Edith Marriott presided at the pianoforte.

SOUTHPORT.—A second grand concert was given at the Cambridge Hall by Mr Turner on Monday evening, December 7th, when the following artists appeared: Vocalists—Mesdames Sinico and Julia Elton, Messrs Pearson and Wadmore; instrumental soloists—flute, Mr De Jong; violoncello, M. Van Biene; pianoforte, Mr Horton C. Allison. Mme Sinico made a brilliant success in "Roberto che tu adoro" and "Robin Adair." Miss Julia Elton sang Balfe's "Green Trees" and "Savourneen Dhealish" with great expression; Mr Pearson gave Macfarren's "O Whisper what thou feelest" and Wallace's "There is a flower" with effect; and Mr Wadmore pleased the audience greatly by his singing of De Jong's "Buccanier's Song" and "Hearts of Oak;" and Mr De Jong was enthusiastically applauded for his flute solo. M. Van Biene played a solo, by Servais, for violoncello; and Mr Horton C. Allison gave a very artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Schubert's beautiful Impromptu, No. 2, in A flat, and his own well-known Tarantella in A minor, all "without book." Mr Johnson accompanied the vocal music.

NORWICH.—The first concert of the season given by the Musical Union took place in St Andrew's Hall. Though this building is never very warm, and certainly horribly cold in the winter—writes the *Norfolk Chronicle*—there was, nevertheless, a very good attendance, and who, it seemed, fully enjoyed the excellent programme drawn up by Dr Bunnett for their entertainment. The first part consisted of Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, which it will be remembered was heard for the first time in Norwich at the opening concert of this society. The solos generally were very well rendered, and it was certainly very kind of Miss Emily Harcourt to undertake the contralto part, as the directors were at one time in a great difficulty. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, and commenced with Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, well and carefully performed, the effects of light and shade being duly observed. Dr Bunnett's "Ave Maria," given by desire, sounds better each time it is heard, and was on this, as on former occasions, received with much applause. Mr H. Mions sang the graceful "Rose Song," from Balfe's opera, *The Talisman*, famously. Mrs Banham gave Benedict's song, "The bird that came in spring," with much expression, which, with the flute obbligato, well played by Mr Tuddenham, formed one of the gems of the evening. We must thank Dr Bunnett for the time and trouble he so disinterestedly bestows upon this society; and we hope that his attempt to improve the musical taste of Norwich, by no means an easy undertaking, will at last meet with the success it so fully deserves. Dr Bunnett has received the following letter and also a donation of £5 from H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught for the

society's funds:—"Sir Howard Elphinstone presents his compliments to Dr Bunnett, and begs to inform him that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught has great pleasure in permitting the first performance of the Norwich Musical Union being held under the patronage of his Royal Highness."

ENGLISH MUSIC AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Whatever treats the concerts of classical and modern German music at the Crystal Palace, at the Monday Popular Concerts, and on Wednesdays and Fridays at the Albert Hall, give us, it is most gratifying to us, and to every English hearer, when opportunities are afforded, to appreciate also the talent of our own native composers. This is not the occasion to discuss how far Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen are right or wrong in saying that we are an unmusical nation. Surely the proudest German, who may have been at the Albert Hall last Tuesday, will have applauded the specimens of English orchestra writing as heartily as ever at a concert of modern German music. Space does not permit us to speak of every interesting piece performed, but we cannot pass without a few words on the three great works of the evening; namely, Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, Mr G. Macfarren's *Festival Overture*, and Mr Ebenezer Prout's organ concerto. The overture, or rather overture *quasi-fantasia*, from the pen of one of the greatest musicians of our age, abounds in charming, simple, and yet noble melodies, and shows in the orchestral writing the powers of a distinguished musician. Like Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr Macfarren is recognized and generally known as one of our most excellent musicians, and so we need not add any to the great amount of praise his overture has found. In Mr Ebenezer Prout, however, we find a comparatively young musician, who, not having much time to devote to composition, does not often come forward with a new work, and so he has not yet afforded sufficient opportunity to the bulk of amateurs and musicians of getting well acquainted with his great talents—which means as much as appreciating them. The concerto for the organ which we heard last Tuesday shows not only the author's great powers of invention, but also his most thorough knowledge of the contrapuntal and fugal writing, and of the treatment of his solo instrument. The opening *Allegro* of the concerto is an interesting and well-worked out movement, winding up with a very brilliant yet dignified *Cadenza*. Great as the thematic charms of the first movement are, they are still surpassed in the highly melodious *Adagio*, which follows the *Allegro*. The themes are of such absolute beauty that Mendelssohn himself might have written them; whilst of the fugal treatment of Luther's *Chorale* in the final *Allegro breve*, not even the greatest masters of the fugue, Bach and Handel, need be ashamed. Dr John Stainer played the concerto to perfection, and the only reproach to be made to him is that he did not comply with the general redemand accorded to Mr Prout's concerto. The directors of the Albert Hall Concerts, we are informed, intend also to produce the *Symphony* of the same author, which was so well received last spring at the Crystal Palace. We learn from one of our friends that Mr Prout said, "I have an overture in my head, but cannot find time to shake it out on paper." Let us hope that this overture will not remain unwritten, and that we shall very soon have an opportunity of hearing it. So long as we have such musicians, England need not hide her face before other nations.

STIGMUND MENCKE.

VENERSBORG (Sweden, November 3, 1874).—"Mlle Victoria Bunsen" writes a fair correspondent—"afforded, with her concert last Friday, a rare and charming enjoyment to the friends of the vocal art. Already her appearance has made a pleasing impression, and her skilful, truly artistic rendering of the *aria* from Rossini's *Tuncredi* convinced the audience that the concert-giver was no novice in her art. Mlle Bunsen, deservedly praised by foreign journals, possesses every faculty needed to make a first-rate artist—viz., a beautiful voice, with a pure metallic *timbre*; a correctness of intonation that never errs, even in the most daring passages; a remarkable shake; an extensive register; and an exquisite method. Her notes are equally soft and round, both in the soprano and contralto registers. This we remarked especially in the *valse chantante* of Signor Tito Mattei, and the sparkling *cherzo* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with which the singer must have had many triumphs in London. You can easily hear that Mlle Bunsen has studied in the best school. The notes keep their soft quality both in *forte* and *piano* passages. We do not hesitate to place Mlle Bunsen in the rank of the first-rate opera singers of our time. When the charming singer had finished a *Lied* by Lindblad she was encored, and she then gave the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her sister, Mlle Félicia Bunsen, played the accompaniments in an artistic way, and performed, also, some piano solos on airs from *Rigoletto* (Verdi), a romance by Wallace, and the "Marche Bresillienne" by Ignace Gibbons, all of which, being given with taste and skill, received great applause, especially the last named. We wish the young artists all the success they deserve, and hope to welcome them again and again to our town."

A YANKEE ACROSS WAGNER.

A correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser* gives the following very humorous descriptions of a visit to the Opera in Munich.

"Judge of my delight to find that here, where Wagner is so much appreciated, I am to hear the Opera of *Tristan und Isolde* performed to-night. Public enthusiasm knows no bounds; strangers from the country throng the streets; people with agitated faces appear in the dining room, frantically calling for dinner at three o'clock, that they and their digestion may be in proper condition to listen to the divine music. We also could hardly eat our simple repast, fearing to be late at the rising of the curtain. I was struck with the contrast between this enthusiasm and the day before yesterday when we went to hear the *Nozze di Figaro*,—half the house empty and only half lighted. My natural simplicity suggested that, if operas like that of this evening bring such crowds, why not play them oftener than twice a month or so? I should think that if the subscribers prefer to drink their beer at the corner while the bewitching Susanna is playing blind-man's-buff with Figaro in the garden, and if they do not give a thought to the dear little innocent Cherubino trying on the Contessa's nightcap with the ribbons dangling on his nose, solely for the benefit of three or four conscientious strangers, and a few lamps which give no other sign of life than going out, the King ought to interfere and give only one act of Wagner every night. [A mild observer here remarks that there are no voices which could have the strength to sing this music more than once a week. This I can readily believe, as, having remained six hours and a half through the opera, and having followed with attention the rôle of the *prima donna*, I am at liberty to state that not for one moment does she have, during the first two acts, an instant's repose on a bar where she could clean a modest bravo from her public.]

"At six o'clock we arrived quite punctually—every one was in his place, armed with a libretto. Some valiant subscribers had even brought the complete score of the opera, which, having struggled to fetch, they were now balancing on their knees in the small space allotted to mortals between them and the seat in front. An old and very meek subscriber sat directly underneath me, so, when not too much engrossed with the scene, I could watch his difficulties at my ease. Fifteen times, as well as I could count, did the heavy partition fall from his knees, causing a grumble from an ill-natured neighbour; fifteen times, with unwearied patience, did he awake to pick up the unlucky book, replace it, kindly thank his neighbour, who had in no way aided him, diligently find the place, go to sleep, and arouse when the curtain fell to utter a weak bravo and to clap his hands. I wondered why that poor old mortal had come to the opera with that book, too large for him. I conjured up all sorts of fancies about him. Had he a happy home?—a wife? Just then a picture by some French caricaturist came to my mind, of a man blaming another who had given his mother-in-law the idea of going out shooting. 'One doesn't know,' replies the other, 'what might happen with a gun of twenty-seven francs, like that I had the honour to present to her!' Who armed that poor soul with the partition complete?

"*Tristan und Isolde* is one of the most recent and consequently most incomprehensible of Wagner's operas. He has surpassed himself in it. In his other operas, especially in his early ones, which are full of detached airs, he does sometimes, probably without meaning it, break into melody. Your attention is arrested, your brain has a moment's repose, your breath comes evenly, your nerves are calmed; in fact, you hear a few notes of melodious and suave rhythm. It lasts only a short time, but is peace and bliss, and you are duly thankful.

"I am a great admirer of Wagner. I begin by saying it. His power of concentration is immense, and, with his knowledge of the orchestra and its possibilities, he produces effects which are sometimes sublime. It is a music which appeals to the imagination; therefore it will always be more admired by women than by men. One does not need to be a musician to feel the influence of all its subtlety and exquisite passion. There is a singular fascination in it, unaided as it is by effects or clap-trap of any kind, and one is forced to yield to its charm.

"Wagner has in his opera, I think, rather exaggerated the theory of working a theme. In his other operas a certain phrase indicates a certain person. When that person is present that phrase is there to represent him. Here, however, he is consistent, for as the *prima donna* and her lover are always present so are their phrases (six notes ascending chromatically) ever sounding in your ears. But could he not have spared us that in the overture? What these six notes of the chromatic scale represent to Wagner's mind one cannot tell—possibly the tortuous insinuations of love—to mine they represent either thwarted vice or suffering virtue, as the case might be.

"The overture treats the chromatic charmingly—tremolos, roudades, here a plaintive note like a sigh or a rustle in the wind—there a shrill one like an appeal—now a tender trill for an answer—then furious arpeggios jumping from tone to tone—vibrating chords—suddenly a trombone (*sax chromatique à six pistons*), breaking through a whole network of violin quaverings, followed by a few exquisite modulations—then with a crash all the orchestra, as it were, let loose like a thousand furies, a perfect firework of instrumentation—a suspicion, light as air, of a melody—a fantastic jump to some far-off key—finally a long, low note, and the curtain rises slowly without the least noise, as if it were the only solution to such a climax—and discovers,—

"Isolde and her attendant on board of a man-of-war,—this, please take for

granted;—in a few moments a large curtain will be drawn back to reveal the crew, and a lazy captain at the helm. This curtain, needless to say, separates the first class from the second, and the captain is the tenor. As the chromatic ascending represents Isolde and her misery, she does not hesitate to attack it with decision, and conscientiously screams throughout a good half-hour, thereby showing that she is desperately in love with the captain; and the maid who is in no way called upon (for she is in love with no one), has a chromatic scale of her own, which she throws off at intervals to the bewildered public, which has to look through its glasses to see which of the two *donnas* is singing.

"Wagner here, if I dare say it, has made a serious mistake. In no company can a waiting-lady have the compass and quality of voice enabling her to sing the same notes as the *prima donna*, and the same intervals running anywhere from A above the lines to G below,—hard lines indeed for the waiting-lady! Isolde sends her maid with a chromatic message to the captain,—tenor and lover,—who is grasping the helm, to say she would like to speak with him a moment. Now is the separating curtain drawn back, and the unsuspecting public, if it looks up from its books, sees that the scene of action is on board a man-of-war. This message, as chromatised, sounds innocent enough, and natural to any lady who has been on the ocean and has wished that the vessel should cast anchor 'just for dinner.' Dear captain, 'couldn't you?'

"I won't say that this is the purport of the message, not having been looking at the libretto, but at my *abonné*, who was frantically turning over the pages to find the place, and at the frightful contortions of the captain's face. He clung to the helm and twisted it to and fro as if it was his last ray of hope; he is evidently about making up his mind, when the sailors sing a sort of 'Ahoy,' which suggests the idea that Mr Wagner has never been at sea. Here it is as well to say that Tristan has been entrusted by his country to bring this fair passenger to her betrothed, the old king of the country, where they are going to disembark. Isolde thinks now is the time or never to make him speak. So she prepares a mild mixture which she calls 'Liebestrank.' Tristan, who is now chromatically inclined, arrives, and, with a little urging, drinks the fatal draught, thinking, of course, it is only a little soda-water. This, then, is the decisive moment. A short lull ensues. The chromatic is suppressed and replaced by a delightfully tender strain, while the lovers stand gazing at one another, and in a moment fall into each other's arms; and the ship having touched shore, are led across the plank in a state of mind needless to mention. The public applauds heartily. The curtain falls, the spectators shut up their books, raise their eyes, and with a sigh of relief call for ices in their boxes, or circulate in the corridor to drink beer.

"The story is more pathetic as it goes on. The fatal and expansive love-drink has had the desired effect. Tristan and Isolde are deeply in love—they meet in the garden always in a chromatic ecstasy (this scene is very charming), and fall asleep on a rustic bench in uncomfortable and almost impossible positions, remaining so a sufficient length of time to allow the attendant to sing a ditty (Ah! if it had been, what a relief!); the future husband arrives, finds the sleeping pair, and expostulates. (This is the least interesting part of the opera, and I read symptoms of distrust and doubt on the faces of the audience.) The King continues to expostulate in the depths of his voice and his despair, accompanied solely by a bassoon, or whatever instrument is lower than that. If one were to take the lowest note on the key-board and then run two octaves down the legs of the piano, it might give some idea of it.

"The complaint was painful, and lasted too long—Wagner ought to have felt that himself. The accompaniment was monstrous, and the situation of the parties on the stage not in the least pathetic. Tristan asks Isolde point-blank whether she prefers the King (who has just finished three pages of accusations in the libretto) to himself. She naturally prefers the tenor to the bass, the captain to the King; a faithful follower of the latter falls upon Tristan and stabs him—thus ending the second act.

"In the third, happily, there are fewer variations on the six chromatic notes, which have begun by this time to tell upon the people's nerves, and a simple shepherd proceeds behind the scenes to pipe his simple lay and then to lay his simple pipe at the feet of Tristan, who, wounded, has been transported by his faithful servant across the seas to his native land. He has been senseless, and even now his servant does not know whether he is dead or alive, and runs occasionally and puts his ear on his breast to hear if his heart has decided to beat. Such synopses are rare, but, at the moment when the shepherd has nothing more to pipe, Tristan opens his eyes and says, 'Where am I?' This is the most charming bit in the whole opera. In his solo, the music is really exquisite, and very soothing to the ear; and your nerves, on which the strain has been intense, are refreshed by the even and flowing melody. Besides this, Tristan sings very well, and with pathos; having a fine voice, and nothing loath to show it once during the opera, he does himself great credit. There were few dry eyes after this scene, and for myself I was very much moved.

"But alas! the inevitable six chromatic notes announce that Isolde is about to reappear with her horrible maid. She, faithful as steel, has followed in another ship, arrives, and finds Tristan dead of grief. A bassoon accompaniment prepares us for the King, who, jealous as a young lover, has followed in a third ship, and stands gloating over the unhappy pair. So ends the opera; the public, fired with a generous appreciation and enthusiasm, stamps and

claps vociferously, and we all go home nervous and unstrung. On the whole, I was very much interested throughout, but glad to be released, as the tension on the nerves is too great, and lasts too long. Then it made me impatient to see how people were absorbed in reading the text rather than paying attention to the scene. I really pitied the poor singers, who had so conscientiously sung their parts without ever having been encouraged or interrupted by a single bravo, except when the curtain fell at the end of the act.

That the lights on the Royal Square should all have been put out on this particular night, when the streets were crowded and the enthusiasm undaunted, and only one discreet and melancholy *blé de gaz* left to shine from a friendly apothecary's on the corner, is a mystery best known to the Munich police. In the excitement of a Wagner night, however, everything may be pardoned, and the genii of the evening lamps may have been doing good service in the chorus of the opera.

ITALIAN OPERA AT ST PETERSBURGH.

(From the "Journal de St Petersburg," Nov. 19.)

After appearing as Marguerite in *Faust*, Mad. Nilsson has given us the Valentine of *Les Huguenots*. In the space of one month, the management have produced four operas of the calibre of *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Guillaume Tell*, without counting the specially Italian repertory. In the grand character of Valentine, Mad. Nilsson has achieved another triumph. We never heard her in better voice, and we never saw her act better, exhibiting evidence of careful study, worthy of Meyerbeer's masterpiece.

The recalls began after the duet in the fourth act, and were long continued, besides being repeated at the end of the opera. The duet between Valentine and Marcel had been no less excellent, but it does not afford so fine an opportunity for tragic action as the duet of the fourth act, certainly the greatest height yet reached by lyric composition. In the second act, Mad. Nilsson, in a dark blue dress and Mary Stuart cap, modestly comes down the garden steps; she does not, at the outset, put herself forward as the heroine of the drama, as did Mad. Lucca; this, in our opinion, was the great fault in the latter's entrance. Mad. Nilsson is truly the Queen's maid of honour, who does not, for a single instant, forget her position in the presence of her sovereign, despite the feelings by which she is agitated; nor does she forget either, in the most exciting scenes of the fourth act, that Valentine is the daughter of an illustrious house, and belongs to the Court of France. Her face and bearing are exactly adapted to the part, and present it in its true light.

Madlle Bianchi is altogether charming in the graceful part of Queen Margot; she plays it rather as an *ingénue* than as a royal coquette, but she does so admirably and successfully. We know what coquettish musical gems the composer has scattered through the Queen's scenes in the second act. There is a perfect shower of brilliant vocalization in the high notes. Madlle Bianchi gets through her task with all the honours of war, duly ratified by the public.

M. Maurel, who previously sang the part of Nevers, undertook, to oblige the management, the more important one of St Bris, on which the plot is based. This gentleman, besides being an excellent singer, is a perfect actor. No one can be nobler, prouder, and more sombrely imposing in his bearing than M. Maurel as St Bris. We have referred to M. Maurel in our notices of *Ernani*, *Linda* and *Faust*. The musical critic of the (Russian) *Gazette of the Academy* (notice of the 26th October) greets M. Maurel as the best of the singers recently engaged. We are delighted to agree, for once, at least, with our critical colleague, "Three Stars." M. Maurel, moreover, does not rest satisfied with the gifts he has received from Nature; he thinks and he works. The different tones of the human voice have been compared to the colours on a painter's palette. But a man must not be contented simply with the voice he possesses; he must acquire the voice necessary for any dramatic situation whatever. The painter knows how to compose a colour, and the singer must know how to compose a voice. Nature may bestow on him a strong and pleasing voice; he himself must be capable of adding the colour, or, as it might be called, the singing voice. This is to be gained only by study, and is not an innate quality. It is in the effects of transition from one colour to another—which we must not confound with effects of gradation, such as *forte* and *piano*, or with the different registers—it is in the effects of *mezza gola* that M. Maurel excels, and this is what renders him a consummate singer.

ROTTERDAM.—*Philippine Welser, oder die Perle von Augsburg*, a romantic opera in four acts, previously produced at Nuremberg, Bamberg, Ratisbon, and other towns in Germany, has been successfully performed here. It is by a Dutch composer, M. Polak-Daniels.

SOMETHING ABOUT MENDELSSOHN.

The 24th of September was the 27th anniversary of Mendelssohn's death. If his life was as brief as Raffael's, if he died in the flower of his age, he had reached the maturity of his genius, and a week of his existence was equal to years of that of other men. Though a great traveller, he came only once to Belgium, namely, in July, 1846, for the performance of a "Lauda Sion," which he had composed for a religious jubilee. Why did he never honour with his presence the Conservatory of Brussels? Perhaps on account of Fétis. During his visit to Paris in 1832, Mendelssohn had his overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* performed. Its success, according to M. Barbedette, was extraordinary. Fétis alone found fault with the work in very harsh terms:

"The first impression left by Mendelssohn's overture was not favourable. I say nothing of the instances of incorrect harmony and of the contempt displayed in it for the art of writing. M. Mendelssohn belongs to a school which is not particular about things of this sort."

On more than one occasion did Fétis pronounce similar verdicts, which the public solemnly reversed. Some years subsequently, the Parisian critic, having become the director of the Brussels Conservatory, was justly punished by having himself to conduct the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.—*Guide Musical*.

HAYDN ON MOZART.

(From the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse.")

In a number of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* dated June 26th, 1817, we find the following curious letter, written by Joseph Haydn, in 1787, to one of his friends in Prague, who had asked him for a *Singspiel* to be performed at the theatre in that old Bohemian town:—

"You ask me for an *opéra-bouffe*; with pleasure, if you are desirous of having one of my compositions all for yourself alone; but, if you want it to be performed at the theatre in Prague, I cannot serve you, because my operas are so much depending on our cast" (of Esterhazy, in Hungary), "and, besides, they would never produce the effects which I have calculated according to the locality. It would be a quite different matter if I could have the inappreciable fortune of having an entirely new book to compose for your theatre. But even then it would still be very hazardous, as scarcely any one can stand near the great Mozart. For, could I impress the soul of every music-lover, and the mighty especially, with the inimitable works of Mozart, so deeply and with so much musical understanding, with so great a feeling as with which I understand and feel them, nations would enter into competition which should have such a jewel amongst them. Prague should be anxious to keep that dear man, and also reward him; for, without that, the history of great genius is a sad one, and the new generation has very little encouragement for new efforts—for which reason, unfortunately, so many great minds are in abeyance. It shocks me that this unique Mozart has not been engaged yet at any Imperial or Royal court. Pardon me if I go too far out of my way, but I love that man too much."

NO GLAD TO-MORROW.

(Copyright.)

Oh, could I feel but once again
The peace of some old yesterday!
If all the ill in this dark hour
In some bless'd sleep might pass away.
Alas! for poor weak human hearts,
When stricken low with some rude sorrow,
There is no yesterday's return,
No dawning bright, no glad to-morrow.

When balmy Spring comes smiling back,
And Winter's gloom hath passed away,
All nature wakes to life again,
With not a sign of cold decay;
But life's fond hopes, when once they fade,
No charm from sunny skies can borrow,
There is no yesterday's return,
No dawning bright, no glad to-morrow.

ADA LESTER.

WAIFS.

Voices of the night—babies.

Signor Nicolini has been singing at Madrid.

Mdme Alboni has returned to Paris for the winter.

"Music of the future"—the sound of Gabriel's horn.

With what musical instrument would you catch a fish?—Castanet.

The author of the song, "Let us take a man as we find him," was a constable.

"Father," said a boy in a theatre, "ain't that a band-box where the musicians are?"

The man who would *encore* a song is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup.

It is stated that the next Festival of the Lower Rhine will be conducted by Herr Joachim.

For raising the heart from despair, an old fiddle is worth four doctors and two druggists' shops.

It is said that the idea of opening the New Paris Opéra with a grand ball is seriously entertained.

Charles Lamb says that "the most solemn and touching of all sounds is the peal which rings out the old year."

Williamsburg, Va., claims the first theatre ever erected in the British colonies in America. It was built in 1752.

A rural reporter says a procession timed their steps "to the dulcet notes of the mellow drum." Mellow drum is good.

So long as there is sentiment, there must be music; nor can music be repressed where noble passion glows. While love exists, music can never die.

"Don't shout in such a harsh tone," said a railway passenger to a conductor. He retorted:—"Do you expect a tenor for forty dollars a month?"

The first organ in America was imported for King's Chapel, Boston, in 1714, and was regarded by the Puritan residents as an "offensive novelty."

The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction. At some watering-places they distinguish between tenor and bass mosquitoes.

At the recent fire at the Hotel Boylston, Boston, the eminent *prima donna*, Mdme Rudersdorf, sustained an irreparable loss in the destruction of sundry articles of vertu.

According to *Le Ménestrel*, the King of Bavaria has given 181,000 florins towards the expenses of Wagner's Bayreuth theatre. Perhaps "loaned" should be the word, not "given."

We are glad to see that, after all, another attempt—and we hope a successful one—will be made to establish the "Monday Pops" here. The first is to be given on Wednesday, January 6.

Mr Francis Howell has completed a comic opera, entitled, *The Caliph's Daughter of Calmaraz*, the libretto by Mr William Fox. Some of the songs, choruses, etc., are to be given by the Westerham Harmonic Society, on Tuesday evening next.

Herr Joachim Raff's 5th Symphony, *Lenore*, recently introduced at the Crystal Palace, was played at the last Liverpool Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict. It was received with favour, and is well spoken of by some of the local press.

Last week—we hear on good authority—the receipts at the Albert Hall Concerts more than covered the enormous expenses of the undertaking. Mr Sims Reeves had doubtless much to do with this; but something is also due to the recent increased facilities of access to the building.

The last concert ever to be heard in the Hanover Square Rooms is advertised to take place on Saturday afternoon, Messrs Cocks having kindly granted the use of the building for the purpose. *The Graphic* suggests that a musical history of the Hanover Square Rooms would be read with general interest. Undoubtedly; but who is to write it?

A concert, under the special patronage of the Duchess of Teck, is to be given at Seymour Hall on Monday evening, on behalf of the funds of the Infant Nurseries. Four of these refuges have already been opened in Kensington and Notting Hill, and steps are being taken to extend their benefits to other districts. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to this beneficent work.

A concert was given on December 2, in the Commercial Rooms, Lewisham, attended by a numerous audience. Miss Burton sang "The blind girl" with expression; Mr R. Sims won applause for "Mary of Argyle;" "Destiny" was sung by Miss Brewster with feeling; and Mr Bishenden, in "Hurrah for King Christmas," won a double encore, in answer to which he gave "Old Simon the Cellarer." The accompanists were Miss A. Newton and Mr H. Lewis, R.A.M.

Four hand-organs, two horns, three Jew's-harps, and nine flutes constituted the orchestra of an Indiana serenading party.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr William Kelly, conductor of the Liverpool Vocalists' Union, who got a well-deserved certificate of merit at the Crystal Palace in 1873. He was also a member of the Alexandra Glee Union, and took part in the music of Henry V. early last week. A bad cold induced a fever, to the effects of which he succumbed on Friday. He was an earnest musician and estimable man, and his loss will be deplored by all who knew him.

The new tenor, Mr Maas—who is now with the Kellogg-Opera troupe in the United States—the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says,—is decidedly the best male singer whom Miss Kellogg has thus far introduced. His voice exhibits no great strength, but is very pure and even; and his singing of Don Otavio's music last evening, at the Academy of Music, was one of the principal attractions. The aria *Il mio tesoro* was deservedly encored. His stage presence is pleasant and imposing, and he sings his part with considerable animation.

There is a story going about the clubs which possibly may be new to some of you in the north, related by an Eastern traveller lately returned to his native country. In some remote part of India the traveller came across the gravestone of an unpopular missionary. On it was inscribed the following:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Gideon Tomkins. He translated the Bible into Telugu and was smothered by his punkah puller." A little lower in slanting letters appeared the legend—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Sir Julius Benedict's *St Peter* was performed recently in the Edinburgh Music Hall, and in a way that did a great deal for the enterprise of a society which for the last 16 years has done much to cultivate a taste for good music. Every care had been taken that the oratorio should be produced on a scale befitting its manifest merit; and if some mischances did occur, they must be set down as unavoidable contingencies, which no amount of forethought could possibly provide against. The vocalists were Mdme Matilda Enquist, Miss Marion Severn, Mr Bentham, and Signor Agnesi. As it was, the performance, as a whole, may rank with the finest ever given by the leading choir of Edinburgh.

Those who wish to exclude choirs from churches, and render the singing "entirely congregational," were convinced of the impossibility of moving an immense body of untrained voices without the aid of leaders, last Monday evening at Westminster Abbey. The occasion was rendered noteworthy by the invitation of Dr Caird, to give a lecture in the nave, and in order to rob the proceedings of any characteristics of an ordinary religious service, the audience were left without other assistance than an organ accompaniment. The result was that, in the first hymn, to a simple German tune, they were at sea, while in the Old Hundredth they required all the aid the organist could afford to keep them together.

The Directors of the Royal Albert Hall Concerts have, we are glad to see, acted on the suggestion made in our columns at the commencement of the season, and, by an arrangement with the railway company, tickets of admission, including a return ticket by the train, can be obtained at any of the Metropolitan and District stations for one shilling; the charge for the reserved seats being half-a-crown. Admission to the concerts is thus reduced to an almost nominal sum, and we sincerely trust that the result will be sufficiently satisfactory to encourage the directors in their enterprise. The clergy and others who have influence with working people at the East End of London will do well to make known as widely as possible that a high class musical entertainment is thus placed within their reach, and in a day when we hear a good deal of the desire to promote the intellectual and social elevation of the people, it would be a worthy effort if persons who have the time and the means were to organise parties of artisans to visit these admirable concerts.—*Choir.*

The arrangements for the session of the Musical Association are completed:—At the second meeting, on Monday, a paper was read by Mr Sedley Taylor, M.A., Trinity College Camb., "On a suggested simplification of the established pitch notation. At a third, on Monday, January 5th, 1875, a paper will be read by Mr J. Baillie Hamilton, "On the application of wind to String Instruments" (illustrated by an apparatus which will give some of the varied tones of a String Organ). At the Fourth, on Monday, February 1st, Mr Charles E. Stephens will read a paper "On the fallacies of Dr Day's Theory of Harmony; with a brief outline of the elements of a new system." At the fifth, on Monday, March 1st, Mr John Hullah, Vice-President, will read a paper "On musical Nomenclature." At the sixth, on Monday, April 5th, a paper will be read by Dr John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., "On the principles of Musical Notation." At the seventh, on Monday, May 3rd, Mr R. H. M. Bosanquet, M.A., St John's College, Oxon., will read the second part of his essay "On Temperament; or, the Division of the Octave." The programme for the eighth, on Monday, June 7th, has not yet been decided upon.—*Choir.*

Dr von Bülow has been reciting in Liverpool, and the *Daily Post* says of his playing:—

"The performance of the Sonate Pathétique naturally attracted a good deal of attention from its being so thoroughly well known, and also from the fact of Dr Bülow having recently played it in London, and drawn forth a good deal of adverse criticism by his peculiar reading of it. His performance of this sonata on Saturday was by no means pleasing, and we have no hesitation in saying that music of this character is not at all Dr Bülow's strong point, in spite of all that has been said of his interpretation of Beethoven's works. The first movement was decidedly roughly executed, and more than one palpable inaccuracy was apparent, while the exaggerated phrasing of some passages spoiled the flow of the music, and the *adagio* seemed laboured and heavy, and altogether wanting in that delicacy and feeling which are absolutely necessary to a satisfactory interpretation of a movement of the kind; while, as if in contrast to the over-phrasing in the first movement, there was an absence of all phrasing of the beautiful triplet accompaniment to the melody which forms a leading feature in this portion of the sonata. The rendering of the *rondo* also, though more satisfactory, was wanting in point, and some of the triplet passages for the left hand were rather cloudy, as if carelessly played. Our feeling, after hearing the sonata, was one of disappointment, and, judging from the scant applause that greeted the player, this opinion was pretty general. As a contrast, the thirty-two variations in C minor were brilliantly played, and exhibited Dr Bülow's peculiar style better than any work of Beethoven's which we have yet heard him play; but, then, they are not really in Beethoven's own manner, reminding one, indeed, more of the old Bach style."

LADY VIOLINISTS.—The violin is as much an instrument for girls as the pianoforte. It is an absurd notion that there is anything fast or forward in a violin-playing lady. Fast and forward it may be to adopt the slang, the smoking, and other bad habits of the other sex; but there is nothing more blameworthy in a girl's learning the violin, than in her working a telegraph, or exercising any other rational occupation which it has been the custom to consider, though without just grounds, the exclusive property of men. As an instrument, the violin is, in fact, more suitable for girls than boys, requiring as it does, in a higher degree than any other, that delicacy of manipulation, that careful attention to matters of detail, and that neatness of execution with which a girl is naturally endowed more liberally than a boy. The brothers will take to the violoncello if the sisters will only learn the violin and viola, and then what a feast of music is opened as soon as a moderate progress is made. Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, and Mozart twenty-seven, few of which require any exceptional degree of skill to play, and all of which might be compassed with half the labour and five times the effect bestowed on and gained from the senseless pearl and diamond style of modern piano music. Necessarily requiring a deeper knowledge and sound contrapuntal skill, quartet-writing could not fall into the hands of those who write down to the capacities, and so vitiate the tastes of the learner. It is objected with much bitterness that beginners on the violin incommode the household with scraping. Granted; but the scraping never lasts longer than a few months at the most; the violinist soon gets a firm tone, while on the piano, even with a great artist, the discordant exercises and thumping scales are an unceasing bugbear to dwellers in the same house.—*Leisure Hour*.

The Liverpool *Daily Post* has some spirited observations on the recent Festival:—

"We last week drew attention to the action being taken in connection with the proposed local scholarships at the National Musical School about to be established by the Society of Arts at Kensington, and we have since recorded the proceedings at the meeting, and the speeches made. Foremost amongst these was that of Mr Rensburg, who boldly and honestly pointed out the apathy, in a musical sense, which is so lamentably prevalent here. The fact cannot be denied, but, oddly enough, our contemporaries have availed themselves of his remarks, and made them a peg to hang renewed attacks on the management of the recent Festival, rather than on the public. It was not the musical scheme being defective which led to mediocre results, but the apathy and want of genuine love for music on the part of the public generally. A finer band and chorus could not be got together. The programme included Mendelssohn's *chef d'œuvre*, Sullivan's fine oratorio, a good selection from Handel and Haydn, two new works by Gounod, three instrumental novelties specially commissioned from Englishmen of mark, all since given in London; symphonies by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, played as they were never before heard here; a new local pianist brought out, two of our best violinists, a splendid team of English vocalists, foreign celebrities, and £1,000 profit. These were the grand results of three short months of preparation, results which are described as mediocre, and a proof of our 'defective machinery under a heavy pressure!' Leeds has been spoken of in contrast, where not a single novelty was produced, either in works or executants; where the band was not equal to ours; where the chorus was drawn from all parts of Yorkshire—nineteen places contributing a smaller total than Liverpool provided single-handed; where there were eight performances against our six concerts; and where the proceeds were no larger. No, the scheme was good enough, if

not too good, for our audiences; for the best works were the worst attended, and the taste of the community had been gauged aright when Patti was secured. Had there been no one else engaged, we could understand the bother that has been made about it; but, surely, the native and foreign artists who appeared, independent of her, were 'good enough' for all but those who were determined to find fault, on any pretence—or, rather, without any—and who still harp on the old theme. Now, who is to blame for the public not attending the performances? This wretched mediocre scheme; the defective machinery which, without the experience possessed by Leeds, began a month after, and closed accounts two months before it—was it these, or the ill-natured remarks constantly indulged in during the three months of preparation which tended to increase the lamentable apathy of the general public, set people against the prices—though no more than are charged elsewhere—and stimulated the opposition of professed lovers of music, who proved their love by only going to the Patti concerts?"

Ode to Ocean.

Welcome bounding ocean,
Welcome leaping wave,
Your glad sparkling motion
Is the joy I crave.
Humph!—such pleasant breezes
Shame 'tis to pollute.
Smoking now displeases—
Hence you vile cheroot!
Ocean I adore you—
Never feel so well
As when bounding o'er you
With a freshening swell.
Dinner? Not at present,
It is close below,
And the deck's so pleasant,
Eating I'll forego.

Lo! the white spray flying
O'er our vessel sweeps,
She, to helm replying,
Onward bravely keeps.
Every rope grows tauter,
As the surges spill;—
Brandy and hot water?—
Thank you, yes, I will.
Welcome bounding ocean,
Welcome rising gale:
Bless me, I've a notion
That I'm feeling pale.
All the folks I see
Gazing are my face in—
Hang it; oh, dear me!
Hi, there! Stew*—

Fun.

His hiatus valde defendas.

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Just one summer ago, on a bright, cloudless day,
When the sunbeams were dying, my boy went away—
My blythe little Willie, with such glossy brown hair,
That fell thickly in curls on his forehead so fair.

"Don't cry for me, dear mother," he said as he lay,
And smiled up in my face, ere he left me that day;
"You will miss me, I know, but we'll soon meet again,
Up in heaven, where nobody feels any pain."

And methinks still I hear his clear voice all day long,
That was sweeter to me than the nightingale's song;
And I listen and start at each step at the door,
And think surely its Willie that's coming once more.

But I know that he lies 'neath a little grey stone,
Where the trees whisper gently and soft night winds moan,
And that ne'er I shall see my wee laddie again,
Till we meet where there's no more sad parting and pain.

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BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are Wagner.
26. *Good morning Lillo.
27. *Hark! the merry Flotow.
28. *With song of bird Flotow.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Badia.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Badia.
32. *The sunset bell Pissuti.
33. *Who'll follow Paggi.
34. *Sleep on Balfe.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers Barnett.
38. *Forest home Benedict.
39. *Warbler of the forest Benedict.
40. *Thoughts of home Benedict.
41. *Welcome Spring Philp.
42. *The noisy mill Paggi.

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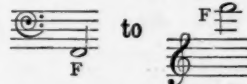
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